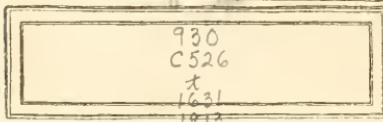


CASE







The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Tragedy of Hoffman  
OR  
A Revenge for a Father

[by HENRY CHETTLE.]

*Date of only known original edition . . . . . 1631*

(B.M. 644. B. 11)

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*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

# The Tragedy of Hoffmann OR A Revenge for a Father

[by HENRY CHETTLE.]

1631

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*  
THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS  
MCMXIII



The Tragedy of Hoffman  
OR  
A Revenge for a Father

[BY HENRY CHETTLE.]

1631

*“Hoffman” is the only one of the thirteen plays known to have been written wholly by Chettle that was printed. It was published without the author’s name and is regarded as very corrupt. This facsimile is from the British Museum example.*

*On the evidence of “Henslowe’s Diary,” Chettle was a most voluminous playwright. He had a hand in no fewer than thirty-six plays, in conjunction with one or other, or others, of thirteen contemporary dramatists. Full biographical and bibliographical details will be found in “The Dictionary of National Biography,” s.v. Chettle.*

*This facsimile from the original copy is satisfactorily done.*

JOHN S. FARMER.



THE  
TRAGEDY  
OF HOFFMAN

O.R  
A Reuenge for a Father.

As it hath bin diuers times acted  
with great applause, at the Phenix  
in Druery-lane.



---

LONDON,

Printed by I. N. for Hugh Perry, and are to bee  
sold at his shop, at the signe of the Harrow  
in Brittaines-burse. 1681.









# TO HIS MVCH

Honored Friend, Master

Richard Kiluert.

Sir.

Know you, and in that your worth, which I  
honour more, then great neffes in a Patron; this  
Tragedy hapning into my hands, I beseche now  
aduentured it vnto the Prese, and wanting both  
a Parent to qwnne it, and a Patron to protect it, am  
fayne to ~~set~~ the Fathers part, and haue aduentu-  
red to addresse it vnto your Worthy selfe, vnder  
whose wings it flyes for a new birth: it hath passed  
the Stage already with good applause, and I doubt  
not, but from you it shall receiuie a kinde welcome,  
who haue alwayes bin a true Fauourer of Artes  
and Learning; and from your selfe I haue received  
so many noble curtesies, that I shall alwayes rest-

Yours to command

HUGH PERRY.

Hoffman

Lorrain

Otho

Ferdinand

Riedowich

Sarwick

Matthias

Jerome

Gill









## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*Enter Hoffman.*

Heffner

Ence Clouds of melancholy  
Ile be no lenger subiect to your fames,  
But thou deare soule, whose nerues and artires  
In dead resoundings tunne vnp'revengen,  
And thou shalt hate, be but appcas'd, swere hearle  
The dead remembrance of my living father      strikes ope a cur-  
And with a hart as aire, swift as thought      taine where ap-  
I'le excuse nustly in luch a cause      peares a boay.  
Where truth leadeth, what coward would not fight  
Ill acts moue soule, but myne's a cause is right      thunder and lightning.

See the powers of heauen in apparitions  
And fight full aspects as infensed  
That I thus tardy am to doe an act  
which iustice and a fathers death exites;  
Like threatening methors antedates destruction,  
*shunder*  
Againe I come, I come, I come,  
Bee silent thou effigies of faire virtue  
That like a goodly synew car't plucki vp  
By murderous winds, infectious blastes and gusts

B

### *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

I will not leave thee, vntill like thy selfe,  
I'ue made thy enemies, then hand in hand  
Wce'le walke to paradise — againe more blest  
Ile to yon promonts top, and their suruey,  
What shipwackt passengers the belgique sea  
Casts from her fomy entrailes by mischance.  
Roare sea and winds, and with celestiall fires,  
Quicken high projects, with your highest desires.

#### *Enter Lorriigne.*

*Lo.* Yet this is somewhat like, but brambles, you are to buse,  
were I at *Luningberge*, and you catcht me thus, I shou'd  
goe neere to aske you at whose suit, but now I am out of sent,  
And heare no seruants, for I thinke these woods and waters are  
common wealthes that need no such subiects, nay they keepe  
not a Constable at sea, but a mars overwhelmd without  
order. — Well, dry land I loue thee, though thou swarme  
with millions of devourers, yet hast thou no such swallow as  
the sea.

*Hoff.* Thou lyest, therelives vpon the earth more beasts  
With wide devouring throates, then can bee found  
Of rauenous fishes in the Ocean:  
The huge Leuiathan is but a shrimp  
Compar'd with our Balena on the land

*Lo.* I am of your mind; but the Whale has a wide mouth  
To swallow fleetng waters, and poore fish,  
But we haue Epicures and Cormorants,  
Whom neyther sea, nor land can hardly serue.  
They feed them fat, while armes and honour starue,  
Desart lookes pale as death, like those bare bones.

*Lo;* Ha —— amazd.

*Hoff.* Seest thou them trembling, slauie heere were Armes?  
That seru'd the troath lesse state of *Luningberge*.

*Lo.* So doe I sir serue the dukes sonne of the state,

*Hoff.* Ha, ha, I laugh to see how daftard feare  
Hastens the death dooaid wretch to his distres,

Say.





## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

Say didst thou serue the duke of *Luningberge*.

*Lo.* His sonne *O the sir*, I'me a poore follower of his  
And my master is ayring of himselfe at your Cell,

*Hoff.* Is he that scarpe the wracke young *Luningberge*?

*Lo.* I sir, the same sir, you are in the right sir.

*Hoff.* Reuenge I kiss thee, vengeance y'are at liberty,  
Wouldst thou hauing lost a father as I haue,  
Whose very name dissolues my eyes to teares  
Coald duty and thy loue to different proue,  
Not to auenge his death whose better part  
Was thine, thou his, when he fel i part of thee  
Fell with him each drop, being part thine owne  
And wouldst not be reveng'd;

*Lor.* Yes on the murtherer,

*Hoff.* On hiin, or any man that is assied  
Has but one cunce of blood, of which hees paie  
He was my father, my hart still bleeds  
Nor can my wounds be stopt, till an incision,  
I've ma'ero bury my dead father in:  
Therefore without protraction, fighing, or excuses  
Sweare to be true, to ayd assist me, not to sture  
Or contradict me in any enterprise  
I shall now undertake, or heareafter.

*Lor.* I sweare.

*Hoff.* Were I perswaded that thou couldst shed teares,  
As doth the Egyptian serpents neare the Nile;  
If thou wouldest kisse and kill, imbrace and stabbe,  
Then thou shouldest live, for my invictive braine  
Hath cast a glorious p oject of reuenge  
Even as thou kneel'st, wile thou turne villaine speake.

*Lor.* Oh sir when was I otherwise, from my creation nothing  
else, I was made of no other stuffe, villany is my onely patrimony:  
though I bee an irreligious slave, yet I beare a religious  
name, though I want courage, yet in raigne, I'le set them all  
downe, though I haue nothing in me that is good:  
Yet ilc —————

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*Hoff.* Forbeare thy Lord is comming ile go in  
And royal y prouide for such a Prince,  
Say thou halt met the kindest host aliue,  
One that adores him, with no lesse zeale  
Then rich men gold, or true religious heaven  
Dissemble cunningly, and thou shalt proue  
the minion of my thoughts, friend to my loue.

*Exit.*

*Lor.* Well sir ne'refear me. this is an excellent fellow  
A true villaine fitter for me then better company,  
This is Hance Hoffmans sonne.  
that stolc downe his fathers Anotamy from the gallows at  
*Leningberge*, I tis the same vpon the dead scull ther's the iron  
Crowne that burnt his braines out, what will come of this, I  
neyther know nor care : but here comes my lord.

*Enter Otho.*

How chers my most noble, my most honorable, my most  
gracious; yea my most grieved prince.

*Otho* A tearfull storne

*Lor.* And full of horror.

*Otho* Trust me Lorrique besides the inlie griefe  
That swallowes my content when I perceiue  
How greedily the fierce vnpityng sea, and waues,  
Devour'd our friends another trouble greeues my vexed eyes.  
With gasht'y apperitions, strange aspects  
Which eyther I doe certaintely behold  
Or else my soule devining some sad fate  
Fills my uninary powers with shapes  
Hidious and horrid.

*Lor.* My lord let your hart haue no commerce with that  
Marr of idle imaginacions, rouse vp your noblenesse  
To apprehend comfort, kindnesse ease and what otherwise  
Entertain'd so solitarie a place as this, can the  
Antient subiect of the state of *Leningberg* collect  
Tis I take it the sonne to that Viz-admirall that  
Turn'd a terrible pirate.

*Otho* Let vs turne backe into the sea againe

*Yealding.*





*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

Yealding our bodies to the ruthles sound  
That hath diuided vs and our late friends  
Rather then see choyce *Hoffman*.

*Lor.* Corrage braue *Ortho*, hee'l vse thee kindly.

*Enter Hoffman.*

Heere he comes, sweete host heere is the dukes heire of  
Leningberge doe homage and after entartaine him and me his  
Follower with the most conspiuous pleasures  
That lies in thy poore habillity.

*Hoff.* Before I speake to my most sacred Lord  
I ioyne my soft lipps to the sollid earth  
And with an honord benison I blesse  
The hower, the place, the time of your arriuue  
For now my fauadge life, lead amongst beasts  
Shalbe turn'd ciuell by your gratiouse helpe

*Ortho* I see thy true hearts loue drope downe in teares  
And this imbrace shewes I am free from feares  
My disturb'd blood runnes smoochly through my veines  
And I am bold to call thee friend, bold to intreate  
Food for by wrack I haue lost ship, friends and meat.

*Hoff.* You that attend my Lord enter the caue  
Bring forth the homely Cakes theis hands prepar'd  
While I intreat his excellencie sit downe  
Villaine bring nothing buta burning Crowne.

*Exit.*

*Ortho* What's that thou bidst him bring, a burning Crowne

*Hoff.* Still you suspect my harmelssse inocence  
What though your father with the power state  
And your iust-vnkle duke of *Brasia*  
After my father had in thirty fightes  
Fill'd all their treasures with somens spoyles  
And payd poore souldiors from his treasury  
What though for this his merrits he was nam'd  
A prescript out law for a little debt  
Compeld to fye into the Belgique sound  
And liue a pirate.

*Ortho* Prithee speake no more

Thou

*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

Thou rayfest new doubts in my troubled heart  
By repetition of thy fathers wrongs  
*Hoff.* Then hec was wrong'd you graunt but not by you,  
You vertuous gentleman  
Sate like a iust ludge of the vnder-shades,  
And with an vnclayng'd Rhadamantine looke,  
Beheld the flesh mangled with many scars  
Par'd from the bones of my offendid father  
And when hec was a bare anatomy,  
You saw him chain'd vnto the common gallowes,

*Otbo Hoffman.*

*Hoff.* Nay heare me patiently kind Lord  
My innocent youth as guilty of his sinne,  
Was in a dungeon hidden from the sunne...  
And there I was condemn'd to endlesse night  
Except I past my vow neuer to steale  
My fathers fleshies bones from that base tree  
I know not who it was, I guesse your mother,  
She kneeld and wept for me, (but you did not )  
Beseeching from that vow I might be freed  
Thea did I sweare if Nations torraigne power  
Compel'd me to take downe those naked bones  
I neuer would release them from those chaines  
Neuer intombe them, but immediately  
Remoue them from that gallowes to a tree  
I kept mine oath; looke Luningberg; tis done  
Behold a father hang'd vp by his sonne

*Otbo* Oh horrible aspect muitherer stand off  
I know thou meanst mee wronge

*Hoff.* My Lord behold these pretious twines of light  
Burnt out by day eclipsit when as the sunne  
For shame obscur'd himselfe this deed was done  
Where none but schrich owles sung, thou receptacle  
thou organ of the soule;  
Rest, goe rest, and you most louely Couplets  
Leggs and armes reside, for euer heere

This





## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

This is my last farewell, what doe you weep?

Otho Oh Lorrique I am betrayd, shue touch me not

Hoff Not touch thee? yes, and thus trip downeth thy pride.  
You pla'et my father in a Chaire of state:

This earth shall bee your throne, villaine come forth

Enter Lorrique.

And as thou mean'st to saue thy forfeit life,  
Fixe on thy Masters head my burning Crowne,  
While in these Cords, I in eternall bands  
Binde fast his base and coward trembling hands.

Otho Lorrique, art thou turn'd villaine to my life.

Lor. Ile turne any thing sir rather then nothing, I was taken,  
life promist to betray you, and I owe life so well, that I would  
not loose it for a Kingdome, for a Kings Crowne, an Empire.

Hoff On with the Cowne.

Otho Oh tort or aboue measure.

Hoff My father felte this paine, when thou hadst pleasure.

Otho Thy father dyed for piracy.

Hoff Oh peace, had he bin judge himselfe, he would haue shew'd  
He had bin clearer then the Christal morn  
But wretches sentenc'd never finde defence,  
How euer guiltlesse bee their innocence,  
No more did hee, no more shalt thou, no ruth  
Pittied his winter age, none helpes thy youth.

Otho Oh Lorrique tortor, I feele an Etna burne  
Within my braines, and all my body else  
Is like a hill of Ice, all thesse Belgique seas  
That now, sur round vs cannot quench this flame  
Death like a tyrant feazeth me vna vares,  
My sincwes shrinke like leaves parche with the sunne  
My blood dissolues, nerves and tendons fayle  
Each part's disioynted, and my breath expires  
Mount soule to heaven, my body burnes in fire.

Lor. Hee's gon.

Hoff Goe, let him come Lorrique.  
This but the prologue to the nsaing playe.

The

*The Tragēdy of Hoffmān,*

The first step to revenge, this scane is donne  
Father I offer thee thy murtherers sonne.

*Exeunt,*

*Florisb.* Enter Ferdinand, Rodorick, Lodowick, Mathias,  
*Lucibet, Ierom, Stilt, attendants.*

Ferd. Princes of *Saxony* and *Austria*,  
Though your owne wortssake of sufficient weight  
To iustifie the honorable loue borne by *Lodowick* to brighte  
Yet since your parents live and as I heare (Lucybell,  
There is betweene them some dissencion,  
Blame vs not for detaining you thus long  
Tis we had notice how the busynesse stood

*Lodo.* Your royll entertein great Ferdinand,  
Exceeding expectation in our stay,  
Bind vs to thanks, and if my brother please  
To hold his chailenge for a Turnament  
In praise of *Lucibellas* excellency,  
No doubt our father and the *Austrian* duke.  
Will be in person at so royll sport.

Ferd. We trust they will.

Rodo. I doe assure your grace  
The *Austrian* and the duke of *Saxony*  
By true report of pilgrymes at my cell  
From eyther of there courts set hetherward  
Some sixe dayes since.

Ferd. Thankes Rodorick for this newes  
They are more welcome then the sad discourse  
Of *Leningberg* our nephewes timeles wrake  
Which addeth sorrow to the mourning giefes  
Abound it vs for our Dutches death.

Ie. I truly Princes, my father has had but hard lucke since your  
comming to his court, for ought I know you are bred of ill  
weather, come before you are sent for, yet if my most gratiouse  
father say you are welcome, I his more gratiouse sonne take you  
by the hands, though I can tell you my mothers death comes  
somewhat neare my heart, but I am a prince, and princes haue  
power





## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

power more then common people to subdue their passions;

*Mat.* We know your worthinesse is experienc't in all true  
wifedome.

*Ier.* True, I am no foole, I haue bin at Wittenberg, where  
wit growes.

*Ferd.* Peace thou vnshapen honor, my states shame,  
My ages co'stue, and my blacke sinnes curse,  
Oh hadst thou never bin, I had bin then,  
A happy childelesse man, now among men,  
I am the most vntappie, one that knowes  
No end of mine, and of my peoples woes.  
I tell you Princeſte, and moſt gracious maideſ;  
I doe not weare iheſeable ornaments  
For *Isabell* a death, though ſhe were deare,  
Nor are my eyelids overflowne with teares,  
For *Otho* of *Luningberg*, wrackt in the Soun,  
Though he were al my lepe; but he're ſmy care,  
A wittieſſe foole muſt recds be *Præſſiaſſe* heire.

*Ier.* Well, and you were not my father, —ſnailes, and I  
would not draw rather then put vp the foole, would I  
mighty never winne this lady at tilt and tournaient: as  
Knights, I defie you boþ for her; even you *Lodowick*, that  
loues her, and your brother that loues you: looke to  
me, ſtyle, and I haue practis'd theſe two dayes: ſnailes god  
forgive me to ſwearre, the ſhall not be carried away so.

*Mat.* We are glad to heare your grace ſo reſolute.

*Ier.* As I am a Prince, and a Dukes heire, though I ſay it  
my ſelfe, I am as full of reſolution as the pio'dest of you  
all.

*Luci.* I thanke Prince *Lodowick* he ha's bound my youth  
To bee the conquerers prize, and if my ſtarres  
Allot me to be yours, I will be prou'd,  
For how ſoote you ſeme not fationed  
Like mee, and cunning Courtiers; I pro. eſt,  
By ſame ſmall loue I care the in mine eie,  
Your worthy beautie, wealth and dignity.

## The Tragedy of Hoffmann.

*Ier.* Heart you would not vnhoise Hercules for her fa-  
ther, ile practice againe at Dantzike, you say in the Dukes  
meade ; ile meete thee *Mathias* : ther's my gloue  
For a gauntlet, though my father count me a foole, you shall  
 finde me none. *Exit.*

*Ferd.* Would I might never find thee any thing,  
For thou indeede art nothing in esteeme,  
My sad soule sinkes with sorrow at thy sight.

*Enter Lorique.*

*Lor.* Health to the righte gracious, generous, vertuous,  
and valorous *Ferdinand Duke of Pussia*.

*Ferd.* Hermet dost thou not know this young mans face?  
I st not *Lorique*, that met vs at thy cell  
With letters from our brother *Lunningberg*?

*Rodo.* It is that gentleman.

*Lor.* I am no lefe.

*Ferd.* thou saydit thou wast my nephewes playfellow,  
Appointed to await his vertuous person,  
How is it then thou wert so ill aduised  
To take the land away, and forsake thy Lord ?  
Whom I haue neuer scene, nor neuer may,  
Though in his life my hope and comfort lay.

*Lor.* Be it knowne right gracius: *Lorique* had neuer so  
little grace, as to leaue his loued lord for weether or water,  
for torture or fire, for death or for life, since I first came to  
moue in a pilgrims proportion, much disguised, being so  
proper a man: but onely for those sixe words; that I was  
sent wholy to give notice of his comming.

*Ferd.* But thou hast left him now sunke in the sea.

*Lor.* I left the ship sunke, and his highnesse saud, for  
when all hope had left Master and pilot, sailer and swabber,  
I caus'd my Lord to leape into the cocke, and for feare she  
should be sunke with too much company; I caper'd out,  
and cut the cable: rowse, quoth the ship against the rocks,  
roomer cry I in the cocke, my Lord wept for the compa-  
ny: I laught to comfort him; last by the power of heauen,  
good





## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

goodnesse of starrs, kindnessse of winds, mercy of the wautes,  
our cocke and wee were cast a shore vnder Reeshopscurre,  
we clamberd vp, but hausing scap't drowning, were in dan-  
ger of killing.

*Ferd.* W hat there betideth you?

*Lor.* Marry in Lord a young villaine, sonne of a damn'd  
pirate, a mayd rauisher.

*Ferd.* Be briefe, what was he?

*Lor.* Clos Hoffman.

*Fer* Oh my heart! did the false rebell hurt his soueraignes  
sonne?

*Lor.* Noe my Lord, the prince so hought and hofte him,  
that he had no other he-pe but to his heeles, and then I, my  
good Lord, being roefooted, outstript him in running, tript  
him by strength, and in fine, finely cut's the oar.

*Ferd.* Where is the villaines body?

*Lor.* Marry even heaved ouer the scarr, and sent a swin-  
ning toward Burtholme, his old habitation; if it bee not  
intercepted by some Seale, Sharke, Surgeon, or suchlike.

*Ferd.* Where is our nephew?

*Lor.* He intends to stay at the same hermitage, where I  
saluted your excellency, with newes of my lords excellen-  
cies intent, to visite you; or that his appariell is some-  
what sea-sickke, and he wants shifft.

*Ferd.* A charriot, and rich robes attend *Lorrique*.  
And his reward, be thirteene hundred dolars,  
For he hath driven dolour from our heart.

Princes, and Princesse, in your kindest loue,  
Attend our person to the hermi age.

where we shall meeete the heire of two great States,  
Rich *Lusingberg*, and warlike *Prussia*,

*Otto* living, we'l disinherit our fond sonne:

And blesse all Dantzike, by oure sonne elect,

Hermet you haue at home, a gueit of ours,  
Your little cell, is a great princes chace;

Had you bin there to entertaine young *Otto*,

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

He would haue tooke your welcome thankfully,  
Where now he mournes, for want of company.

*Rodo.* I will goe on before my gracious Lord.

*Ferd.* Nay I am icalous of my approaching ioy,  
And fearefull, any eye but mine, should gaine  
The pleasure of my glad diuining soule;  
Forward come all, in my delight take part,  
He that's now glad, addes ioy to gladnes heart.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Clois Hoffman.*

If there liue ere a surgeon that dare say  
He could doe better : i'e play Mercury,  
And like fond Marsias fle a the Quack-saluer:  
There were a sort of filthy Mountebankes,  
Expert in nothing but in idle words,  
Made a daies worke, with their incision kniues  
O a my opprest poore father : silly man,  
Thrusting therre dastard fingers in his fleshe,  
That durst not while he liued, behold his face;  
I haue fittid my anatomy  
In a faire chaine to; acher this youth scorn'd  
When he was set in an ascending throne,  
To haue you stand by him; would he could see,  
How the cafe alters, you shall hang by him,  
And hang afore him to, for all his pride,  
Come image of bare, death, ioyne side, to side,  
With my long iniur'd fathers naked bones;  
He was the prologue to a Tragedy,  
That if my destinies deny me not,  
Shall passe those of Thyestes, Tereus,  
Iocasta, or Duke Iasons icalous wife;  
So shut our stage vp, there is one act done  
Ended in *Othos* death, 'twas somewhat singe;  
He fill the other fuller, if *Lorrique*,  
That I haue late sworne to be marders flauie,  
Sweares hee will protest me to be *Othos*,  
Whom Prussia his vncle ynkouynge loues;





## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

If I be taken for him well : Oh then !  
Sweet vengeance make me happiest of all men :  
**Prussia**, I come as comets against change:  
As apparitions before mortall ends ;  
If thou accept me for thy nephewe, so ;  
Uncle, ile vicle thce of thy proud life.  
Father farewell, ile to the hermitage,  
Where if I be receaved for *Luningberg*,  
I will haue thy drie bones, sanguin'd all or'e  
With thy foes bloud, Rhamnusia helpe thy priest,  
My wrong thou know'st, my willingnesse thou seest.

*Exit.*

## Actus secundus.

Enter *Ierom* and *Stilt*.

*Ier.* Come *Stilt*, bestirre your stumps; you know I must  
be a tilter.

*Stilt.* I my lord, I know you shoule be one, but I hope  
you are not so madd.

*Ier.* what doſt thou count it madnesſe to runne a tilt.

*Stilt.* I my Lord, for you that cannot ſit a hobby, you'll  
hardly manage your tilthorſe.

*Ier.* Why? they ſay *Stilt*, that ſtone Mares are gentler, ſee  
if thou canſt get me one of them.

*Stilt.* Not afore next grasse; I could helpe you now to a  
ſtone mule, a ſtone asle.

*Ier.* Well, ile trie one course with thee at the halfe pike,  
and then goe, come draw thy pike.

*Stilt.* That's not your fit word; you muſt ſay, aduaunce  
your pike, and you muſt be here ſir, and here; you'll neuer  
learne for all my teaching.

*Ier.* I haue anſwered you *Stilt*, that Princes haue no need  
to bee taught, and I haue e'en determin'd with my ſeffe,  
not to runne at tilt, leaſt I hazard my horſe and harniſſe:  
therefore

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

therefore ile to the court, and onely see my new cousin,  
that they sayd was diownd : and then rette to my Castle  
at Helsen, and there write a new poem, that I haue taken  
names in, al'most these ten yarees : It is in prayse of picke-  
tooches.

*Stilt.* That will be excellent my Lord, the barbers will  
bny their pooms abominably.

*Ier.* Nay srra, I get a patent from the Duke, my father,  
for the *Cum Privilegio* for that poem, *Ad imprimendum  
sol'um*; besides thou shalt haue a princiedge, that no man  
shall stil tooth pickes without thy seale : my father saies I  
am a foole, but I thinke I bestow my time to looke out for  
setting a new nappe vpon his thredbare Common wealth:  
Who's that knocces? who dares disturbe our honorable  
meditation? haile *Stilt*, dost thou see no noyse?

*Stilt.* No, but I hear a noyse.

*Ierom.* A hal then; my father and my new couisen stand  
aside, that I may set my countenance, my beard brist and  
miror, *Stilt*, that set my countenance right to the mirror  
of Knight-hood, for your mirror of magistrates is some-  
what to sober, how lik'st me?

*Stilt.* Oh excellent i heers your casting bottle.

*Ier.* Sprinkle, good *Stilt*, sprinkle, for my late practize  
hath brought mee into strange fauour; ha mother of mee,  
thou hadst almost blinded the eyes of excellency ; but  
*emilia bene*, let them approach now, and I appeare not like  
a Prince, let my fathur casheere me, as some lay hee will.

*Stilt.* Casheere you? no, doe but manage your body, and  
haue heere, and heere your conigics, and then *quid sequitur*, *Stilt* knowes, and all the court shall see.

*Hoboyes.*

*Cesar Ferdinand leading Cleis Hoffman: Mathias, and Lodwick leading Lucibella: Lurrique, with other lords atten-*  
*ding: comming neere the chayre of state, Ferdinand*

*Ascends, places Hoffman at his feete, sets a Coronet on his head, A Herald proclaims.*

*Lorells*





## The Tragedy of Hoffman!

*Her.* Ferdinand by the diuine grace, prince of Heidelberg, lord of Power, and Duke of Prussia, for sundry reasons him mouing, the quiet state of his people especially: which as a witless and insufficent prince, disinheriteth Jerome Heidelberg his knowne sonne, and adopteth Otho of Lassingberg his sisters sonne, as heire, immediately to succeed after his death in all his prouinces. God saue Duke Ferdinand, and Otho his heire.

*Florish.*

*Ferd.* Amen, Heauen witnesse, how my heart is pleas'd,  
With the conceit of Prussia's after-peace,  
By this election.

*Ier.* Why? but heare you father.

*Ferd.* Away, disturbe vs not, let's in and feast,  
For all our country in our choyce is blest.

*Florish.*

*Exeunt.*

*Ier.* Why, but Stilt, what's now to be done Stilt?

*Stilt.* Nay that's more then I know: this matter will trouble vs more then all your poem of picktooths, nailes: you were better be vnknighted then vaprice'd, I haue lost all my hope of preferment, if this hold.

*Ier.* Noe more Stilt, I haue it heere; 'tis in my head, and out it shall not come, till red reuenge in robes of fire, and mad-  
ding mischiefe runne and rauie: they say I am a foole Stilt,  
but follow me; ile seeke out my notes of Machiauel, they say  
hee's an odd politician.

*Stilt.* I faith hee's so odd, that he hath driven eu'en hon-  
esty from all mens hearts.

*Ier.* Well, sword come forth, and courage enter in,  
Brest breake with griefe; yet hold to be reueng'd:  
Follow me Stilt; widdowes vnborne shall weepe,  
And beardless boyes with armour on their backes  
Shall beare vs out, Stilt we will tread on stilts,  
Through the purple pauement of the court,  
Which shall bee, let me see, what shall it be?  
No court, but euena caue of misery.

*Thers.*

*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

Ther's an excellent speech Silt, follow me, pursue me;  
will acquire,  
And either die, or compasse my desire.  
*Silt.* Oh braue master, not a Lord: O, Silt will falke, and  
make the earth a stage,  
But hee will haue thee lord in spight of rage.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Roderigo, and Austria's Duke, some followers.*

*Rodo.* Sir since you are content, you heere shall finde,  
A sparing supper, but a bounteous minde:  
Bad lodging, but a heart as free, and generous,  
As that which is fed with generous blood,

*Auf.* Your hermitage is furnish't for a prince.

*Rodo.* Last night this roofer couer'd the sacred heads  
Of five most noble, faire, and gratiouse Princes,  
Duke Ferdinand him selfe, and Otho his nephewe,  
The sonnes of Saxon, and the Austrian Princesse.

*Auf.* Oh god! that girle, which fled my Court and loue,  
Making loue colour for her heedles flight,

*Rodo.* Pardon great prince: are you the Austrian duke?

*Auf.* Hermet I am, Saxon, proud wanton sonnes  
Were entaind like Priam's Firebrand.  
At Sparta: all our State gladly appear'd  
Like chierfull Lacedemons, to recaue  
Those Dæmons that with magick of their tongues,  
Bewitch't my Lucibells my Helen's eares.

*Knocking and calling within.*

*Rodo.* Who trauelth so late? who knockes so hard?  
Turne to the east end of the Chappell, pray;  
We are ready to attend you.

*Enter duke of Saxony.*

*Sax.* Which is the way to Dantzike?

*Rodo.* There is no way to Dantzike you can finde  
Without a guide thuslate, come neare I pray,

*Sax.* looke to our hories, by your leaue master Hermet,

*wee*





## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Weare foone bidden, and will proue bold guests:  
God saue you sir.

Anf. That shoulde bee *Saxons* tongtē.

Sax. Indeed I am the Duke of *Saxony*.

Anf. Then art thou father to lasciuious sonnes,  
That haue made *Austria* childles. (cuse,

Sax. O subtill duke, thy craft appeares in framing thy ex-  
Thou doſt accuse my yong sonſinnocence:  
I ſent them to get knowledge, learme the tongues,  
Not to be metamorphis'd with the view  
Of flattering beauty, peraduenture painted.

Anf. No, I defie thee John of *Saxony*;  
My *Lucibell* for beauty needs no art,  
Nor doe I think the vertues of her minde  
Euer inclind to this ignoble courſe.  
But by the charmes and forſcings of thy ſonnes. (Duke)

Sax. Oh wouldest thou durſt maintaine thy words prouwd  
Rodo, I hope great Princes, neither of you dare  
Commit a deede ſo sacrilegious: This holy cell  
Is dedicated to the ſonne of peace;  
The foot of war never prophan'd this floore,  
Nor doth wrath here with his conſuming voyce  
Affright theſe buildings; charity with prayer,  
Humility with abſtinenſe combin'd,  
Are heere the guardians of a grieued minde.

Anf. Father we obey thy hōly voyce;  
Duke John of *Saxony*, receive my faith;  
Till our eareſ hear the true courſe thy ſonnes  
Haue taken with my fond and miſled child.  
I proclaimē truce, Why doſt thou ſullen stand?

If thou meane peace, give me thy Princely hand.

Sax. Thus doe I plight thee troth, and promife peace.

Anf. Nay, but thy eyes agree not with thy heart;  
In vowels of combination, ther's a grace  
That ſhewes the intention in the outward face,  
Looke chearfully, or I expect no league.

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Sax. First giue me leaue to view a while the person,  
Of this Heiret, Austria note him well,  
Is he not like thy brother Rodorick?

Aust. Hec's like him, but I heard he lost his life  
Long since in Persia, by the Sophie's warres.

Rod. I heard so much my Lords, but that report  
Was purely fain'd, spread by my erring tongue,  
As double as my heart, when I was yonge :  
I am that Rodorick, that aspir'd your thone ;  
That vile false brother who with rebell breath,  
Drawne fword, and trecherous heart threatened your death.

Sax. My brother ! nay, then i faith old John lay by  
Thy sorrowing thoughts, turne to thy wonted veyne,  
And be madd John of Saxony againe.

Mad Rodorick, art aliue? my mothers sonne,  
Her ioy and her last birth ; oh she coniur'd me  
To vsf thee thus, and yet I banisht thee :  
Body of me, I was vnkinde I knowe,  
But thou deseru'st it then ; but let it goe :  
Say thou wilt leaue this life thus truly idle,  
And liue a Statesman, thou shalt share in raigne,  
Commanding all but me thy soueraigne.

Rod. I thanke your Highnes ; I will thinke on it :  
But for my sinnes this sufferance is more fit.

Sax. Tut, tutle, tattle, tell not me of sinne.  
Now Austria once againe thy Princely hand :  
Ile looke thee in the face, and smile, and fweare,  
If any of my sonnes haue wrong'd thy child,  
Ile helpe thee in reuenging it my selfe ;  
But if as I beleue they meane, but honor,  
As it appeareth by these iusts proclaim'd.  
Then thou shalt be content to name him thine,  
And thy faire daughter ile account as mine.

Aust. Agreed.

Sax. Ah Austria ! t'was a world when you and I  
Ren these Carreres ; but now we are stiffe and dic.





## *The Tragedy of Hoffmann.*

*Anst.* I am glad you are so pleasant my good Lord.

*Sax.* T'was my e<sup>ld</sup> w<sup>od</sup>d, but I was soone turn'd sad;  
With ouer grieuing for this long lost lad;  
And now the Boy is growne, as old as I,  
His very face as full of gravity.

*Rod.* Please your Graces enter,  
I know the seruants that attēnd one me  
By the appointment of Duke Ferdinand  
By this haue couerted.

*Sax.* Why then let's in: brother I trust, and brother  
Hold you this hand, *Roderick* hold thou the other,  
By heauen my heart with happinesse is crownd,  
In that my long lost brother now is found:      *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clois Hoffman solus.*

*Hoff.* so run on fate, my destinies are good,  
Reuenge hath made me great by shedding blood:  
I am suppos'd the heire of *Luningberg*,  
By which I am of *Prussia* Prince elect.  
Good: who is wrong'd by this? onely a foole:  
And 'tis not fit that idiots should beare rule.

*Enter Lorriquet.*

*Lo.* My Lord I haue as you miȝt d<sup>r</sup>, intic't *Saxons* elder  
sonne to talke with you: and heere hee coines with his  
most excellent, amioious, and admirable Lady.

*Hoff.* Ha'ſt thou the Hermets weeds for my disguise?

*Lor.* All ready, fit, fit in the next chamber, your beard is  
point-vice, not a haire amisse.

*Hoff.* Faithfull *Lorriquet* in th y vnfaihfulness:  
I kisse thy cheeke, and give thee in that kisse  
The inoicie of al my earthly blisse.      *Exit.*

*Lor.* Good: I am halfe a Monarke: halfe a fiend  
Blood I begun in and in blood must end  
yet this *Clos* is an honest vilaine, ha's conscience in his kil-  
ling of men; he kils none but his fathers enemies, and there  
issue, 'tis admirabile, 'tis excellent, 'tis well 'tis' meritorious,  
where? in heauen? no, hell.

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Enter Lodowick and Lucibella.

Lod. Now friend, where is prince Otho?

Lor. Sad, sir, and grieved.

Luci. Why? prithee why?

Lor. Alas I know not why.

The hermet Roderigo talkt with him.

Somewhat of you, and somewhat of the Duke,

About surprizing you and murdering Lodowick:

Or such a thing, nay sure 'twas such a thing.

Luci. Surprizing me and murdering Lodowick.

Lod. By whom? by what complot?

Lor. Sure by the Duke, the Duke's an odd old lad:

I know, this night ther's set a double guard,

And ther's some tricke in that: bat patience:

Heere comes the Hermet: holy reverent man!

Enter Clois Hoffmanlike a hermet.

Somewhat important, wings his aged feete  
With speedy nimblenesse & heauing graunt that all be well;

Clois. Princes in pitty of your youth; your loue,

Your vertues, and what not, that may moue ruth,

I offer you the tender of your liues,

Whiche yet you may preferue: but if you stay,

Death and destruction waiteth your delay.

Lod. Who hath conspir'd our deathes? speake reverent man.

Clo. The Duke of Prussia, doating on this face;

Worthy indeed of wonder, being so faire,

This night hath plotted, first to murder you;

The guard are set that you may not escape,

Within, without, and round about the court;

Onely one way, thorow Prince Otho his lodging

Is left; heere is the key, and for more proove

Of my great zeale and care, on with these robes,

within.





## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Within are Grecian habits for your heads ;  
Nay if you loue life do not stand amaz'd,  
But take the path toward my hermitage.  
Yet I auize you, that you goe not in;  
There may be plots to, for ought I know ;  
But thre downe by the riuver, ther's a way  
Leadsto a little Chappell ; in that porch  
Stay, till I visit you with better newes ;

*Lod.* I will but call my brother, and then goe.

*Clo.* That were a going never to retorne :  
I'le send him after you, be well assur'd.

*Luci.* Oh god ! the Duke of *Prussia* grown thus false,  
such shewes of freindship, and so little faith.

*Lod.* Come Lucibella lets embrace this meane,  
Duke Ferdinand shall with a sorrowing heart,  
Repent this base dishonourable plot :  
Father, our fortunes if they sort aright,  
shall with continuall thankfulnessesse requite  
This vertuous and this charitable care :

Farwell : wee'l wait thee in the Chappell porch  
Bring Prince *Mathias* our kind brother thither,  
And thou shalt add good works to charity :  
Once more farewell *Lorrique* ; ther's for thee,  
Commend me to thy Lord, tell him this wronge  
Of his faire uncle, shal meete full reuenge :  
But doe to him our duties. Come chaste, faire,  
We must not now by tilt and tournameint  
Maintayne thy honor : for thy champion Knight,  
Is for it by treason to vnwilling flight.

*Exit.*

*Clo.* so runne to mischiefe : Oh my deare Lorrique !  
When I haue summ'd vp my account of death,  
And rob'd those fathers of there lifes and ioy,  
That rob'd mee of my ioy, my fathers life,  
Thusthy hand claspt in mine, wee'l walke and meditate,  
And boast in thy reuenges I haue wrought ;

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

That done ; i'le seat thee by my throno of state,  
And make theē riuall in those governments,  
That by thy secrecy thou lift'it me to ;  
Shalt be a Duke at least.

Lor. I thanke your Grace, but pray resolute me,  
What you now intend,  
To these three Princes *Lodowick*, and *Mathias*,  
And the thrice beautious Princesse *Lucbell*.

Hoff. Deachertaine : call in *Mathias*, if my plot proue  
good, i'le make one brother shed the others blood.

Lor. I am nimble as your thought, devise, i'le execute  
what you command.

Exit.

Clo. A pretious villaine : a good villaine too :  
Well if he be no worse ; that is doe worse,  
And hony me in my death-stinging thoughts,  
I will preferre him : he shall be prefer'd  
To hanging peraduerture ; why not ? tis well

### Enter *Lorrigne*.

His sufferance heere may save his soule from hell.  
Hee comes ; what newes my faithfull seruant wher's the  
Lor. Hee's talking with the lady *Lucbell*, (Prince,  
And when I said your Highnesse sent for him,  
Hee 'gan with courtly salutations,  
To take his leaue and , to attend your grace.

Clo. Well god-a-mercy friend, thou gor'it me gracie  
But more of that at leisure : take this gowne ;  
My cloake, a chaine ; I must turne melancholy.

### Enter *Mathias*.

Second what ere I say, approove my words,  
That we may mooue *Mathias* to mad rage.

Mat. God save your excellency : what sad, dull, heauy ?  
O are you now in meditation  
Whichpart to take to morrow at the Tilt ?

the





*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

The mead is ringd with tents o' stranger Knights,  
Whose rich deuices, and capaignes  
Execcd the Persian Monark's, when he met  
Destruction and pale death sent from the sword  
Of Phelips sonne, and his stout Macedons  
Cheerely Prince Ortho ther's such a warlike sight  
That would stirre vp a leaden heart to fight.

*Clo.* For what?

*Mat.* For honor and faire *Lucibell*.

*Clo.* Oh Prince *Mathias*! it is ill combin'd  
When honor is with i'ckle beautie ioynd.  
Where is your most Princely brother?

*Mat.* I cannot tell I left him with his loued *Lucibell*.

*Clo.* But shee has got another loue,  
Dishonored all this rich assembly,  
Left the memoriall of such infamy,  
As cannot die while men haue memory.

*Mat.* How? say you how? what hath the princesse done?

*Clo.* she with a Grecian is but new fled hence,  
Beike some other loue of hers before:  
Our tilt and tournameint is spoyld and crost.  
The faire we shold defend, her faith hath lost.

*Mat.* Fled with a Grecian? saw you them goe Prince *Ortho*?

*Clo.* I, I saw them goe.

*Mat.* And would not stay them?

*Clo.* My true seruant knowes,  
How at the sight of such iaconstancy  
My gentle heart was smitt with inward griefe  
And I sunke downe with sorrow. ( harlot-steps.)

*Mat.* s'death; what path? which way? that I may track her  
Fled now: gone now: ilc goe seeke *Lodowicke*

*Clo.* Nay then you add an irreligious worke,  
To there lasciuious act; follow your selfe,  
I and my man will beare your company  
*Lorrique*, as I thinke, thou nam'dst a chappell,  
A Hermet, some such thing: I haue lost the forme.

*Lor.*

*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*Lo.* I heard her say, she could not trauell far,  
He told her, they woud rest the dead of night;  
Neere to a chappell, by a hermitage.

*Mas.* Where is that chappell? wher's that hermitage?  
If you loue honor Princely *Luningberg*,  
Letsto that chappell: if you know the way,  
That I may kill our shame, et cetera day.

*Clo.* He guide you to the chappell, ayd your arme,  
In your reuenge, against that Grecian,  
But for the Lady I spare her; she is faire.

*Mas.* I will doe what I can; oh heil of life!  
Who, but a foole would straine to winge a wife?  
Shall we call *Lodowick*?

*Clo.* no, it wold smite his soule in sunder, split his heart:  
If he shold heare of such adulterate wronge,  
Cover the fault or pun sh as you please:  
Yet I wold saue her faine, for she deserves  
pitty for beauty.

*Mas.* Nothing, noe for nothing.  
Shee is as harlots, faire, like gilded tombs  
Goodly without; withinall rotteness:  
shee's like a painted fire vpon a hill,  
set to allure the frost-nipt passengers,  
And starue them after hope: she is indeede  
As all such strumpets are, Angell in shew,  
Diuell in heart: Come, come if you loue me goe.

*Clo.* Follow *Lorrique*; we are in the right way.

*Lor.* To hell I feare: tush let all feare goe by,  
Whoo'l shun a bad way with good company.

*Exit.*  
*Exit.*

*Exit.*

*Actus tertius.*

*Enter Lodowick and Lucibell.*

*Lod.* Art you not faint diuinest *Lucibell*?

*Luci.*





## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*Luci.* Noe, the cleare moone strowes siluer in our path,  
And with her noisit eyes weepes a gentle dew  
Vpon the tile spotted faument of the earth,  
Which so tens every howre whereon I tread  
Besides; all trauell in your company  
Seemes but a waik made in some goodly bowre,  
Where loues faire mother strips her paimouse.

*Lod.* This is the Chappell, and behold a banke,  
Cover'd with sleeping flowers, that misse the Sunne:  
Shall We repose vs till *Martius* come?

*Luci.* The Hei'met will soone bring him, let's sit downe,  
Nature, or art hath taught these boughes to spred,  
In maner of an arbour o're the banke.

*Lod.* No, they bow downe as vailes to shadow you;  
And the fresh flowers beguiled by the light  
Of your celestiall eyes, open there leaues,  
And when they entertaine the loid of day  
You bring them comfort like the Sunne in May.

*Luci.* Come, come, you men will flatter beyond meane,  
Will you sit downe? and take of the late wronge  
Intended by the Duke o': *Prussia*?

*Lod.* Fairest forger it, leue till we are cleare freed hence,  
I will desie him, and caufe all the knights  
Assembled for our purpos'd tournameant,  
To turne there keen fowrds 'gainſt his catiue head.

*Luci.* Prithee no more, I feele thy blood turne hot,  
And wraih inflames thy spirit, let it ceaſe;  
Forgive this fault, ceaſe this war to peace.

*Lod.* O breath sweete touch with what a heauenly charme  
Doe your soft fingers my wa - houghts dilarme,  
*Prussia* had reason to attempt my life  
Inchanted by the magickē of thſe lookeſ,  
That cast a luster on the blushing stars.  
Pardon chaſt Queene of beauty, make me proude  
To rest my toild head on your tender knee,  
My chin with sleepe is to my bosome bow'd;

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Faire if you please a little rest with mee.

*Luci.* No, ile be Centinell; ile watch for feare  
Of venomous wormes, or wolves, or wolish theeues:  
My hand shall fanne your eyes, like the film'd winge  
Of drowsie morpheus; and my voyce shall sing  
In a low compasse for a *Lucibell*.

Sleepe sweete, perhaps ile sleepe for company.

*Lod.* I thanke you; I am drowsie, sing I pray;  
Or sleepe: doe what you please, I am heauy, I;  
God night to all our care: oh I am blest  
*By this soft pillow where my head doth rest.*

*Hee sleepest;*

*By my troth I am sleepy too: I cannot sing,  
My heart is troubled with some heauy thing.  
Rest one these violets, whil st I prepare,  
In thy soft slumber to receiue a share:  
Blash not chaste Moone to see a virgin lie  
So neere a Prince, 'tis noe immodestie:  
For when the thoughts are pure, noe time, noe place,  
Hath power to worke faire chastities disgrace;  
Lodowick I claspe thee thus, so arme clasp arme,  
So sorrow fold them that wish true loue harme.*

*Sleepes.*

*Enter Lorrique, Mathias, Clois Hoffman.*

*Mat.* Art sure thaft found them?

*Lor.* Looke, are these they?

*Mat.* Adulterer: strumpet.

*Lod.* Oh I

*Luci.* Oh I

*Clo.* Vnhumane deede to kill both.

*Mat.* Both haue abus'd our glory, both shall bleed,

*Luci.* how now! what haue ye done? my *Lodowick* bleeds.  
Some sauge beast hath fixt his ruthles fange

*In my soft body: Lodowick, I faint,*

*deer*





## The Tragedy of Hoffman

Deere wake; my Lodowick; alas what meanes  
Your brest to be thus wet? Is't blood or sweat?

Lod. Who troubles me?

Mat. Brother.

Lod. Who is that? Mathias.

Mat. I, accursed I,

Lod. Wher's the good Hermet? thanke him for his lone,  
Yet tell him; Ferdinand of Prussia

Had a long arme; some murderer of his  
had kild vs sleeping.

Luci. Kild thec? oh no! I trust the carefull destinies deny  
So hard a fate: 'tis I alone am kild.

Come Lodowick, and c ote vp my night-vaid eies  
That never may agen behold the day.

Hoff. What meanes Mathias?

Mat. Hold me not Prince Otho.

*He offers to kill*

*himselfe.*

I will reuerge my selfe vpon my selfe:

For Parricide for damned parricide:

I haue kild my brother sleeping in the arme s

Of the diuinct for me that e're he d brea h.

I haue kild Lues Queenes deſac' w i h m, foulē handz

The goodliest frame that eu'r nature built

And diuen the graces from the manerion

Wherein they haue continued from their birth;

She now being dead, she'l dweli no more on earth;

Lod. What movoued you to it brother?

Mat. Jealous rage, faspition by Prince Otho,

That Lucibell had sicke with a bate Grecce,

Oh me accursed I am borne to shame.

Clo. But I am wretcheder, that from the loue

Deuoted to the house of Saxony,

Haue thus begot this monster crudely:

I lay within an arbour, whence I saw

The princiſſe, and your ſelfe in this diſguife

Departing ſecrely my uncles court:

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

I judg'd you for a Greeke as you appear'd,  
Told Prince *Mathias* of your secret flight;  
And he led on by fury followed you  
Where thus deceased by night and your attire,  
Hath rob'd your heart of life, hisowne of ioy.  
*Mat.* Forgiue me brother, pardon fairest maide,  
And ere the icy hand of shie death  
Föd your faire bodies in this fable vaille;  
Discouer why you put on this disguise.

*Lod.* To scape the lustfull Duke of *Prußia*,  
Who purpos'd this night to murder me,  
And rauish her whom death hath made his pray  
My *Lucibell*, whose lights are mask't with clouds  
That neuer will be cleard.

*Hoff.* My vuncle, sic, who buz'd into your head.  
This damned lie?

*Lod.* it's no lie.

*Luci.* Noelie : 'tis true, 'tis true,  
The reverent Hermet *Roderick* told it vs.

*Hoff.* The Hermet is a villaine dama'd in hell  
Before the worlds creation, if he sai't  
My Princely vuncle purpos'd such a thought.  
Looke to the Princesse, ther's life in her: (man)  
Cheere vp your heart Prince *Lodowicke*, courage  
Your being of comfort may recover her,  
While I bring forth the Hermet and disproue  
This false assertion: *Roderick* is a flauce  
A vile and irreligious hypocrite,  
No Hermet, but a diuell if he dare  
Affirme such falsehood of Duke *Ferdinand*.

Enter *Roderigo, Saxony, and Austria*.

*Rodo.* Roderick is not as you report him sic,  
Nor did he ere belie Duke *Ferdinand*.

*Hoff.* No did? why then did you maliciously

aduse





## The Tragedy of Hoffmann.

Aduis Prince Lodowick and faire Lucibell  
To flic the Prussian court this dismal night.

Rodo. Who I? I speake not with them,

Lodo. Yes yedid.

Sax. Where was i; that he speake with you? tell vs where?

Lodo. At Dantzike in the Duke of Prussia conrt.

Sax. Who heard him besides you?

Lod. The Prince s<sup>c</sup>le Lucibell.

Luci. As heaven shall helpe my fleeting soule, I did.

Aust. why speakes my dukedomes hope in hollow sounds?

Looke vp fayre child heer's Saxon<sup>y</sup> and I

Thy father, Lucibella looke on me;

I am not angry that thou fled'st away

But come to grace thy nuptials; prithhee speake.

Luci. Father I thanke you: Lodowick reach me thy hand

How cold thou art; death now assailes our hearts,

Hauing triumph't ouer the outward parts;

Farewell a while, we die but part, to meete

Where joyes are certaine, pleasures endlesse, sweet..

Father, this latest boone of you I crave,

Let him, and me, lie in one bed, and graue..

*Moritur.*

Aust. Oh me! oh miserable wretched me.

Lod. Hower a little longer blessed soule,  
glidenot away too fast: mine now forsaks his ear thyl man-  
sion and on hopes gilt wings will gladly mount with thine,  
where Angels sing 'celestiall ditties to the King of Kings.  
brother adew, your rashness I forgiue, pardon me father,  
pardon; Austria your daughter is become a bride for death:  
the dismal even before her wedding day. Hermet God  
pardon thee: thy double tongue hath cauf'd this errour:  
but in peace farewell. He that lifts vs to Heauen keepe  
thee from Hell.

*Moritur.*

Rod. Oh strange conieture! what should moue this Prince  
To charge me with such horrid cruelty?

Mat.

The Tragedy of Hoffman,

*Mat.* Ie tell thee hypocrite.

*Sax.* Stay *Mathias* stay,

It is thy vncle *Rodorigo*, and besides,  
My hon<sup>r</sup> and Dnke *Austria's* shall bee gag'd,  
He never parted from our company in his owne hermitage  
Since day declinde, and glimmering twilight vsher'd in the  
*Hoff.* Not from his hermitage? (night.)

*Aust.* Noe not he.

*Hoff.* I' st possible?

*Anst.* By Heauen he did not.

*Hoff.* Then there is v llany, practice, and villajny  
*Mathias* bath bin w<sup>i</sup>ong'd and drawne to kill  
His naturall brother, with him to destroy  
The rascall pece of natures workmanship,  
No doubt by practice and base villany

The Hermet not at court ? strange ! wondrous !

*Sax.* Oh for my sonne, and *Austria's* worthy childe.

*Aust.* Thou weep'st in scorne, and very teare of thine  
Cource a smile : *Saxony*, I defie  
All truce, all league of loue guard thee p<sup>r</sup>oud Duke;  
Thy sonnes haue made me childleste ; Ile haue thee  
Consort in death with my w<sup>i</sup>ong'd girle and mee.

*Hoff.* Helpe Prince *Mathias* : Hermer, oh the Heauens !  
The *Austrian* Duke sinkes downe vpon the earth.

*Anst.* P<sup>r</sup>oud Iohn of *Saxony* : ha' st thou no wound?

*Sax.* Not any *Austria* ; neither toucht I thee.

*Aust.* Somebody touche me home : vaine world farewell  
Dying I fal on my dead *Luc.bell.*

*Sax.* Sir what are you that take on you to parte?  
It's by your weapon that the Duke is faine.

*Hoff.* If I bought so, i'd fall vpon the point,  
But I am innocent of such an ill:

Killing god<sup>r</sup> i sinan, Duke of *Austria* ;  
Then were Prince *Otho* of *Luningberg* set downe  
to ad dispaire. Blacke booke to rause and die:  
But I am free from such impicity.

*Sax.*





## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Sax. Are you Prince Otho of Lanningberg?

Rodo. He is, and heire apparent to Duke Ferdinand.

Sax. May be the Moone deceaues me, and my griefe,  
As well in the distinguishing of sounds,  
As sight : I haue heard of young Lanningberg,  
And feene him to at Hoffmans ouerthrow,  
He lookt not like you, neither spake like you.

Mat. Father, 'tis he: Lorique his man attends him,  
That fellow whch is all compos'd of mirth  
Of mirth? of death : why shoulde I thinke of mirth?  
After so foule a murder ? come ! end hands  
To giue this Princely body funerall rites,  
That I may sacrifice this hand and heart  
For my peace-offerings on theyr sculpchers.

Sax. Nay, boy, thou shall not leau old Saxonie  
Childles for all this for to w<sup>t</sup>: Prince, and it Otho  
Help<sup>e</sup> in my son with noble Austria,  
Lodowick shalbe my burden: brother yours  
The louely but the lucklesse Lucibell.  
So treade a heauy measur; now lets goe  
To interre the dead, our hearts being dead with woe.

Exeunt carrying the dead bodies

Rodo. Ther's life in Lucibell, for I feele (Rodo last with  
A breath, more odoriferous then balme (Lucibell,  
Thirle through the corall portals of her lipps,  
Apparent figies of life, her pulses beate;  
Oh if I could but yet recover her,  
T'would satisfie the State of Austria,  
That else would be disurb'd for want of heires  
Heauen be propitious,guide my artlesse hand,  
To preserue fainting life in this cleare forme.  
Graunt this thou soule of all Diuinity,  
And I will striue what euer mortall may

Enter Hoffman and Saxony.

To serue thee on my knees both night and day.  
Tarry Prince Otho and see theyr bodies balm'd,

Hoff.

*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*Hoff.* I pray you thinke me not in passion dull;  
I must withdraw, and weepe, my heart is full.  
Oh reverent man, thou beaſt the richelſt fruitie;  
That euer fell in the vntripired ſpring,  
Ex. lxx.  
Goe lay her ſoft, ſhe had ill fate, o faiſe;  
But rich or faire or ſtrong, dea h swallowes all,  
Holla! Lorrique, leaue our horſe; draw neere.

*Enter Lorrique.*

Helpē me to ſing a hymne vnto the fates  
Compos'd of laughiſt interiections.

*Lor.* Why my good Lord? what accidents  
Haue chanc't, that tickle ſo your ſpleene?

(ueage)

*Hoff.* Oh my deere ſelfe: thou truſty treasurer of my re-  
Kneele downe, and at my bidding kiffe the earth:  
And on her cold eare whisper this ſtrict charge:  
That ſhe prouide the beſt of her perfumes,  
The fat of Lambs rap't from the bleating Ewes,  
The sweetest ſmelling wood ſhe can deuife;

For I muſt offer vp a ſacrifice.

To bleſt occation that hath ſeconded  
With opportune meaneſs my deſire of wreake;

*Lor.* Now I haue kiſt the earth, let me pertake  
In your great ioy, that ſeemeſ to exceed.  
Are Lodowick, and the Princesſe murder'd?

*Hoff.* Tis done; goe, hie thee to Prince Ferdinand;

Tell him how misaduenture and miſtruct

Hath kild Prince Lodowick and bright Lucibell:

By Prince Mathias hand: adde to that chaunce,

Another vnxpected accident:

Say that the Dukes of Austria and Saxony,

Being by the Hermet Roarick entertain'd,

And hearing outrices in the dead of night,

Came and beheld the tragick ſpectacle,

Which ſight did ſo inrage the Austrian Duke,

That he affaileſ the Saxon, but fell ſlaine,

On





## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

On his pale daughter, new defloured by death:

Lor. Is Austria then slaine by Saxony?

Hoff. Come, come, hee's dead, cyther by him or me,

Noe matter, hee's gone : ther's more to goe,

Runne with the newes ; away.

Exit.

Enter Stilt, and a rabble of poore souldiers : old Stilt his  
father, with his scarfe like a Captaine. A  
scutry march.

Stilt. Father, set you the army in quayre, while I inuocate :  
The Generall Foukes : Fibs, forman, and  
Friends all, Officers ail, helpe to marshall; Prince  
Ierom my Lord shall remunerate, that, is shall be  
Full of thanksgiving, while nature is able to  
Nourish, or sustayne; Father you haue order to stay the  
rest, be sententious, and full of circumstance I aduse you ;  
and remember this, that more then mortallity fights on  
our side ; For we haue treason and iniquity to maiatayne  
our quarrell.

Old Stilt. Hah ! what say'ft my sonne? treason and ini-  
quity?

Stilt. Reason, and equity I meant Father ; ther's little  
controuersy in the worlde : but like a Captaine couragi-  
ous, I pray goes forward, remember the piace you are, in noe  
more, but this ; the dayes of old, no more, but that ; and  
the glory Father ; Knighthood at least, to the vtter defa-  
cing of you and your posterity, Noe more but soe.

Exit.

O. Stilt. Well, goe thy waies : thou art able to put fire  
into a Flint stone ; thou hast as rheumaticque a tongue to

F per.

## The Tragedy of Hostman!

perswade as any is betweene *Pole* and *Pomer*; but thou art  
euen kitt after kind, I am thy father, and was infamous  
for my exprobations, to discourage a dissembly of tall  
souldiers afore thou wert borne, and I haue made them  
stand to it tooth and nayle; how say you, most valiant and  
reprobate Country men: haue ye not heard I haue bin a  
stinger, a tickler, a wormer.

*Fib.* Yes; noble, ancient Captaine *Stilt*, ye haue remou'd mens hearts I haue heard that of my father (God rest his soule,) when yee were but one of the common all  
souldiers that seru'd old *Sarloys* in Norway.

*O. Stilt.* I then was, and *Sarloys* was; a gentleman wou'd  
not haue giuen his head for the washing; but hee is cut  
of, as all valiant caualeroes shall; and they be no more negligient of them selues; But to the purpse: wee are dissembled together, and falle into battayle beray in the behalfe  
Prince *Ierom*, a vertuous Prince, a wife Prince, and a most  
respectlesse Prince; my son Timothies master, and the vnlawfull heire of this land. Now sir the old Duke has put out  
a declamation, and saies our rising is noe other then a re-  
surreiction, for the Prince inspires not against his father;  
but the Duke inspires against his son, vnsing him most natu-  
rally, charitably, and abhominably, to put him from inter-  
cession of the crowne; wherefore as yee bee true men,  
and obstinate subiects to the State vncover your heads, and  
cast vp your caps, and cry a *Ierom*, a *Ierom*.

*Om, A Ierom, a Ierom, a Ierom.*

*Enter Ierom, and Stilt.*

*Ier.* Most noble Countrymen I cannot but condole in  
joy, and smile in teares to see you assembled in my right,  
but this is the lamentation that I poore Prince must  
make, who for my fathers proclamation am like for to  
loose





## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

loose my head ; except you stand to rce, for they are coming on with bowes , bills, and guns, against vs : but if you be valiant, and stand to me lustily, alth' earth shall roar but we'll haue victory.

*Enter with Drum, and Colours, Duke Ferdinand, Hoffmann Lorrique, Captaines to leade the drum. they sounde march and make a stand; All on Ieroms side cast up their caps and cry a leron.*

*Fer.* Vpon those traytors valiant gentlemen  
Let not that beat the multitude confront,  
With garlick e-breath and their confinde cries  
The Maiesty of me their awfull Duke,  
Strike their Typhoean body downe to fire  
That dare'gaist vs, their soueraigne conspire.

*Ier.* Come, come, you shall haue your hands full, and you  
Come where we haue to doe, stand to it *Stilt.*

*Stilt.* stand to't ? heer's the father and the son will stand,  
though all the rest flic away.

O *Stilt.* I warrant you Prince, when the battaile comes  
to ioyning, my son and I will bee invisible, and they ouer-  
come vs, ile give you leaue to say I haue no pith in me; vp,  
on vñ true Prince vpon vñ.

*An Alarum: Hoffman kneeles betweene the Armies.*  
*Stilt.* I thought twou'd come to that;  
I thought we shou'd bring  
The false Prince on his knees.

*Fer.* What means my Dukedomes hope to turne thus  
base? arise, and sinite thy soes.  
*Sarl* I see them not my most honor'd vncle; pittie I beseech  
These silly people, that offend as babes,  
Not vnderstanding, how they doe offend:  
And suffer me chiefe agent in this wrong,  
To plead their pardons with a peacefull tongue;

## The Tragedy of Hoffmann.

*Stilt.* We scorne pardons, Peace and pitty; wee'l  
haue a Prince of our owne chusing, Prince *Ierom*.

*O Stilt.* I, I, Prince *Ierom* or no body; be not obſtacle old  
Duke, let not your owne flesh and blood bee inherited of  
your Dukedom, and a stranger displac'd in his retority:  
for and you doe, wee will take no comparifon of you and  
your army, but fall upon you like temperance and light-  
ning.

*Fer.* Vpon your perill; gentlemen assayle.

*Sarl.* If any boſome meeve the brunt of war,  
Mine ſhall be firſt oppoſed; theſe honeſt men  
That riſe in armeſ for my young Cozens right  
Shall be Protec'ted whil'ſt Prince *Charles* can ſtand.

*Ier.* Why fee now what a thing Maiesty is;  
Stilt and the reſt of my good people; my couzen  
*Charles* looking but in the face of our excellence  
Cannot choose but take our part.

*Stilt.* Nay but truſt him not my Lord; take heed of him,  
Awa're your enemies at any hand.

*Fer.* Why ſhould you make this interceſſion  
For theſe base abieſts, whose preſumptuous hearts  
Haue drawne their rebell bodies 'gainſt their head:  
Intreat not for them, they are all but dead.

*Sarl.* Forbeare a little worthy Countrymen.

*Stilt.* Nay we deny that, we are none of your Countrymen;  
you are an arrant arrant Alien.

*O Stilt.* True ſou'mere peregrination, and one that was not  
borne within our Dukes damnation, and therefore not to  
be remitted to any vpſtantiall degree of offence amongſt vs:  
that's the ſ'ne, that's the conuſion of all.

*Sarl.* But heare mee.

*Ier.* I, I, pray heare him; nay I charge you all vpon paine  
of death that you heare my cozen.

*Stilt.* he Well wee will are him: come on, ſpeake, what  
will ye ſay?

*Sarl.* O I beſeech you ſave your liues and goods,

*For.*





## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

For the Dukes squadrons arm'd with wrath and death,  
Watch but the signall when to ceaze on you,  
That can noe more with stand their approoved strengthes  
Then sparowes can contend with towring hawks :  
Or 'gainst the Eagles ayery :

This act of yours by gathering to a head,  
Is treason capitall, and without grace  
Your lives are forfeit to extreameſt law.

*Sir.* Mas he faies true ſon ; but what's the remedy ?  
*Stilt.* None at all father, now wee are in, wee muſt goe  
through ſtitch.

*Sir.* Yes, there is remedy : cast your weapons downe,  
And arme your ſelues with mercy of your Prince  
Who like a gracious ſhepherd ready stands  
To take his laſt ſheepe home in gentle hands.  
As for your Prince, I will for him intreat  
That he may be restor'd againe in loue,  
And vnto offiſes of dignity, as eyther Taster,  
Sewer, Cupbearer, the place himſelfe thinkes  
Fittest for his ſtate, and for my part when  
That vnhappy time of Princely *Ferdinands*  
Sad death ſhall come : —

Which moment : —

But ſhould I as I ſay behold that houre,  
Although I am elec'ted for your Prince,  
Yet would I not remoue this gentleman,  
But rather ſerue himas his counsellor.

*Sir* Give me your hand of that Cozen; well ſayd. now  
get a pardon for mee, and my merry men all; and then let  
me be my fathers Taster, being the office belonging to his  
eldeſt ſonne; I Being the ſame, and then you ſhall ſee mee  
beau'e my ſelſe, not as a rebeſl, or reprobate, but as a moſt  
reaſonable Prince, and ſufficient ſubiect.

*Stilt.* Well ſince my Lord ha's ſayd the word, bring that  
of ſpake he to paſſe and ye ſhall haue my word too, and old  
Stilt my fathers, being a man of good reproch I tell you,

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

and condemnation in his country.

O. S. I. that I am my Lord, I haue liu'd in name and shame  
these threescore and seuen winters, all my neighbours can  
teare me testament, and accord.

Sar. Well, rest yee quiet; Soueraigne on my knees  
I beg your Highnes graunt to there request:  
Sappole them lilly, simle, and your owne;  
To shed their blood were iust, yet rigorous,  
The praise of Kings is to prooue gracious.

Fer. True soule of honor, substance of my selfe,  
Thy merit wins thee mercy, goe in peace,  
Lay by your vniust armes, liue by your sweate,  
And in content the bread of quiet eate.

Om. Godsaue Duke Ferdinand.

Exhunc.

Ier. Pray Father, forgiue me, and my man,  
And my mans father by our single felues;  
For we haue bin the capitall offendours.

O. Stil. I truely my Lord, we rais'd the resurrection;

Fer. I pardon all; give thee my Tasters place:

Honor this Prince that hath thus won you grace.

O.S. Y-S. God saue Duke Ferdinand, and Prince Ortho;

Ier. I and me too.

O. Stil. And Prince Jerom too; wellson, ile leauue thee a  
Courtier still, and get mee home to my owne desolation,  
where ile labour to compell away excessity: and so fareye  
well.

Exit.

Fer. This busines ouer: worthy nephew Charles,

Let vs goe visit the sad Saxon Duke,

The mourning Hermet,

That through affection wrught his brothers fall.

Sar. Ile wait your Highnes to that house of woe,

Where sad mischance fits in a purple chayre,

And vnderneath her beetle cloudy browes

Smiles at vnlookt for mischeses; oh there

Dok.





*The Tragedy of Hoffmann.*

Doth grieve vnpainted,in true shape appear.  
Fer. Shrill trumpets sound a flourish  
For the cryes of war are drownd.

*Exit*

Ier. Nay but cozen cozen, i'st not necessary I wait  
Vpon myne owne father? and Stilt vpon me?  
Sarl. It's most expedient, be obsequious.  
Noe doubt his excellency will he that well.

*Enter Lorrique like a French Doctor.*

Lor. Dieu you guard Mounseur.  
Sarl. Welcome my friend, ha'ft any suit to me?  
Lor. Away Mounseur, if you be the grand Prince  
Legitimate of Prussia, I haue for tendre  
To your Excellence de service of one poore  
Gentle home of Champaigne.  
Sarl. I am not he you looke for gentlemen,  
My cozen is the true and lawfull Prince.

Ier. I sir I am the legitimate, and am able to entartayne  
A gentleman though I say't and he be of any quality:

Sarl, Lorrique, now or neuer play thy part:  
This Act is eu'en our Tragedies best hart.

Lor. Let me alone for plots, and villany,  
Onely command me to this foote the Prince.

Ier. I tell thee, I am the Prince, my cozen knowes it,  
That's my cozen, this is Stilt my man.

Lor. A vostree seruice Mounseur most Generoux.

Sarl. Noe doubt he is some cunning gentleman  
Your Grace may doe a deede befitting you  
To entertaine this stranger.

Ier. It shall bedone cozen; ile talke with him a little  
And follow you, goe command me to my father  
Tell him I am comming, and Stilt, and this stranger, bee  
mind'ull cozen, as you will answere to my Princely in-  
digitation.

*Sarl,*

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Sarl. Well sir, I will be carefull, neuer doubt,  
Now scarlet Mistris from thicke sable clouds  
Thrust forth thy blood-staind hands, applaud my plot,  
That giddy wonderers may amazed stand  
While death smytes downe suspectles Ferdinand.

Exe.

Silt. Sweet Prince I scarce understand this fellow well,  
but I like his conceit in not trusting Prince Otho; you must  
give him the remoue that's flat.

Ler. I be gar, hee be chose agen you, hee give you good  
worde, so be dat, but he will haue one fysgig or dia by gar  
for company on in principallity be no possible.

Ler. Well, I apprehend thee, I haue a certaine Princely  
feeling in my selfe that he loues me not.

Silt. Hold yee there my Lord, I am but a poore fellow  
and hane but a simple liuing left me; yet my brother were  
he a very naturall brother of mine owne, should hee bee  
dopted, I would dopt him, and herrite him, i'le fit him.

Ler. I but how Silt, but how?

Lor. By gar my Lord, I will tell you fine knacks, for make  
him kicke vp his heeles, and cry wee, or be gar  
I be hange, and so shall I be to, and for de grand loue I beare  
you, for de Lady Isabella's sake your most tres-excellent  
Lady moder.

Ler. Didst, thou know her French doctor? didst thou?

Silt. I as beggars doe the Ladies that are their Almesgi-  
giuers.

Lor. By gar you lye, like Jacknape, I loue de Lady.  
With a boone coeur, and for her sake here take dis same, and  
dis same, put dis in de cup, where de competitor Prince  
Otho shall drinke it; by gar it will poysoun him brauely.

Silt. That were excellent my Lord, and it could be done,  
and noe body know on't.

Ler. I, but he alwaies drinkes in my Fathers cup.

Lor. I so let be, let de Duke drinke a de same.

Ler. What poysoun my father? noe, I like not that so well.

Lor.





## The Tragedy of Hoffmann.

Lor. You shall drinke too, and I too, and when wee bee  
fickes we shall haue a petit ramble inde belly; dan take a  
dis same, and giue your sadra dis: but your cozies none of  
it, and bygar noe body shall be dead, and kicka, and cry oh,  
but Othe.

Stilt. That's excellent, master.

Ier. This is the poysone then, and this is the medicine?

Lor. I dat be true.

Ier. Well Phisician, atred in my chamber heere, till Stilt  
and I returne; and if I pepper him not, say I am not wor-  
thy to be cald a Duke, but a drawlatch.

Stilt. Farewell awe, and iebbit a vow; and wee speede by  
thy practice wee'l rench a cup of thine owne country  
wine.

Lor. Goe speede to spoyle yourselves:  
Doctor lie there, Lorriquo; like thy selfe appear  
So now ile post vuto the Hermitage, and simile  
While silly tooles act treason through may guile,

Exe

## Aetus quartus.

Enter Ferdinand and Sarlois, open a curtain: kneele  
Saxony, the Hermet and Marbian:  
sapre burring.

Sarl. See Princeely vnole the blacke dormitory,  
Where Austria and Prince Lodewick are layd  
On the cold bed of earth, where they must sleepe  
In earthand and ayre, and sea consume by fire.  
Fer. Their rest be peace, their rising glorious;  
And mourners, giue your partners leaue to kneele,  
And make their offertorie on this tombe,  
That does containe the honourablest earth  
that euer went upright in Germany.

G

Exe

## The Tragedy of Hostman.

Sax. Welcomme Duke Ferdinand, come, come, keele, kneel,  
Thus should each friend another's sorrow feele.  
Sarl. Is Lucibella in this monument?  
Rod. Noe, shē's receiu'd from deathis violence,  
But through her woundes and griefe distract of sence.  
Sarl. Heaven helpe her, heit she comes:

Enter Lucibelia mad.

Rod. Kneele still, I pray.  
Mat. Oh mee accurst ! why liue I this blacke day ?  
Luc. Oh a sword, I pray you kill me not,  
For I am going to the riuers side  
To fetch white lillies, and biew daffadils  
To sticke in Lodowicks bosome, where it bled,  
And in mine owne ; my true loue is not dead,  
Noe y'are deceiued in him, my father is :  
Reason he shoule, he made me run away ;  
And Lodowick, too, and you Mathias too ;  
Alacke for woe, yet whata the remedy ?  
We must run all awaye ; yet all must dye.  
Tis soe, I wrought it in a sampler,  
Twas heart in hand, and true loues knots and words,  
All true sticke by my troth : the posie thus :  
No flight deare loue but death, shall seuer vs ;  
Nor that did not neyther ; he lies here does he not ?

Rod. Yes louely madam, pray be patient.  
Luc. I so I am, but pray tell me true,  
Could you be patient, or you, or you, or you,  
To loose a father and a husband too :  
Yee could, I cannot ; open doore here hote !  
Tell Lodowick, Lucibell would speake with him ;  
I haue newes from heaven for him, he must not dy ;  
I haue rob'd Prometheus of his moouing fire ;  
Open the dore ; I must come in, and will,  
I le beate my selfe to ayre, but I le come in.

Sarl.





The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Sar. Alas her tender hands smiting the stome  
Beweep their mistris ragē in teares of blood.  
Ferd. Faire Lady, be of comfort, tis in vaine  
To inuocate the dead to life againe.

Sar. I gentle Daugther be content, I pray,  
Their fate is come, and ours is not, far off.

Mat. Here is a hand ouer my fate hath power  
And I now sinkē vnder the stroke of death,  
But that a purer spirit fils my brest  
And guides me from the footsteps of dispaire.

Sar. A heavenly motion full of charity,  
Your selfe to kill you selfe were such a sinne  
As most diuines hold deadly.

Luc. I but a knauē may kill one by a tricke,  
Or lay a plot, or sde, or cog, or prate,  
Make strife, make a mans father hang him,  
Or his brother, how thinke you goodly Prince?  
God give you ioy of your adoption;

May nor trickes be vsd?

Sar. Alas poore Lady.

Luc. I thats true, I am poore, and yet haue things,  
And gold rings, and an drit the leaus greanca  
Lord how de, well I thankē god, Why thas swell;  
And you my Lord, and you tooz heire a one weeps,  
Must I shed all the teares? well he is gone  
And he dwells here ye layd, holle dwell with him,  
Death, dastard, Diuell, robber of my life  
Thou base adulterer, that partil mon and wife  
Come I desie thy darts.

Fer. O sweete for bear,  
For pitries sake a while her rage restraine

Lass she doe violence vpon herselfe.

Luc. Oneuer feare me, there is somewhat cries  
Within menoe; tels me there's knaues abroad

## The Tragedy of Hoffmān.

Bids me be quiet, lay me downe and sleepe  
Good night good gentlefolkes, brother your hand,  
And yours good father, you are my father now,  
Doe but stand here; I'le run a little course  
At base, or barley-breake, or some such roye,  
To catch the fellow, and come backe againe,  
Nay looke thee now, let goe, or by my troth  
Ile tell my *Lodenwick* how yee vse his loue:  
Soe now god-baie, now god-night indeede:  
Lie further *Lodenwick*, take not all the roome,  
Be not a churle, thy *Lucibell* doth come.

Exit

Sax. Follow her brother, follow son *Mathias*,  
Be carefull guardians of the troubled mayd;  
While I conferre with Princely *Ferdinand*,  
About an embassie to *Austria*,

With true reports of there disasterous haps.

Mar. Well, I will bee her guardian and her guide:  
By me her fences haue bin weakned,  
But i'le contond with charitable paine,  
To serue her, till they be restord againe.

Exit

Sax. A vertuous, noble resolution.

For. Worthy Prince *Rodrigo*, when tempestuous woe  
Abates her violent storme, I shall haue time  
To chide you for vnkindenes, that haue liu'd  
In solitary life with vs so long.

Belze. The Saxon Prince you did vs wrong:

Rod. Would I might never live in noe worse state;  
For contemplation is the path to heauen.  
My new conversing in the world is prison'd  
Luckleſſe and full of sorrow; fare-ye-well  
My heaven alone all company seemes hell.

Exit

Per. My nehhew call for wine my soule is dry.

I am





## The Tragedy of Hoffman!

I am sad at sight of soe much misery.

Enter I eron and Stilt, with cup, towell, and wine.

Sarl. Is the Dukes taster there?

Ier. I am at hand with my office.

Sarl. Fill for the Duke good cozen, tast it first.

Ier. I haue no minde to i't Stilt, for all my antidote.

Stilt. I warrant you Master let Prince Otho drinke nex<sup>t</sup>,

Ier. Heere cozen, will you begin to my father?

Sarl. I thanke you kindly, i'le not be so bold,

It is your office, fill vnto my Lord.

Ier. Well god be with it, it's gon downe, and now i'le  
send the medicine after; Father pray drinke to my coz<sup>t</sup>,  
for he is soe manner lyet hat heel' not drinke before you.

Stilt. Pray yee doe my Lord, for Prince Otho is best worthy  
of all this company to drinke of that cup, which and <sup>Xasit</sup>  
he doe, I hope he shall neare drinke more.

Fer. Good fortune after all this sorrow Saxon.

Sax. O'worthy Ferdinand, fortune and I are parted, she  
has playd the minion with mee, turn'd all her fauours in  
to frownes, and in scorne rob'd mee of all my hopes, and in  
one houre o're-turnd mee from the top of her proud  
wheelie.

Fer. Build on one fortune, shie's a fickle dame  
And those that trust vnto her spheare are fooles.

Fill for his Excellence.

Ier. Her cozen for your Excellence, pray drinke you to  
the Duke of Saxon.

Sarl. Not I kind cozen, I list not to drinke.

Ier. Gods Lady, I think Stilt, wee are all vndone, for I  
feeie a jumbling worse and worse.

Stilt. O give the Duke some of the medicine.

Fer. What medicine talk'st thou of? what ayles my son?

Ier. O lord, father, and yee meane to be a liues man tak  
some of this.

The Tragedy of Hoffman

Fer. Why? this is deadly poysen vnpreat's.

Ier. True, but it was prepar'd for you and me by an ex-

cellent fellow, a french Doctor?

Stilt. I, he is one that had great eare of you.

For. Vilaine what was he? drinke not Saxon?

I doubt I am by treason poyson'd.

Sarl. Heauen keepe that fortune from my dread Lord.

Enter Lorrike hastily.

Lcr. Treason ye Princes, treason to the liues

Of Ferdinand the Duke of Prussia

My Princeely master! Osho of Luningberg

Sarl. Who shold intend vs treason?

Lor. This sond Prince.

Ier. Neuer to you Father, but to my cozen Charles; indeede I meant to poyson him, but I haue pepperd my selfe.

Sarl. I neuer gaue thee cause.

Stilt. That's nothing to the purpose, but my Lord tooke occasion by the councell of a French Doctor.

Sarl. Phisitians for the Duke, my vncle saintes,

Stilt. Surgeons for the Prince, my master falle.

Fer. Call no Phisitians, for I feell too late,  
The subtil poylon mingled with my blood

'Nams all the passages, and nimble death  
Fleeters on his purple currents to my heart.

Ier. Father, I am dying too, oh now I departe,  
Be good to Stilt my man, he was accessary

to all this.

Stilt. I truely: was I sir therefore I hope you'll be good  
to me, I helpt to mingle the poysen as the French Doctor,

and my master charged me.

Fer. What's that French Doctor?

Sarl. What's become of him?

Stilt. Wee left him in the court in my masters chamber.





*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

ber.

*Sir.* I sir wee worth him, farewell *Stile*, farewell father.  
I aske you pardon with repentant eyes;  
Fall stars, O *Stile*, for thus thy master dyes.

*Fer.* Take hence that maynor for the foole his man.

*Stile.* I pray prouide for me sir;

*Fer.* Let him be tortur'd, then vpon a wheele  
broke like a tray or and a murderer.

*Stile.* O lord sir, I meant you noe hurt, but to Prince *Charles*

*Sarl.* Away, disturbe vs not with idle talkē.

*Stile.* Prouide enoch a<sup>t</sup> and you call this prouiding, pray  
let mee, prouide for my selfe, alas my poore father, hee'le  
creep vpon crutches into his graue when he heares his  
Propr'l<sup>t</sup> *Stile* is cut off by the stumpe.

*Fer.* Hence with that fellow.

*Stile.* Pray, not soe hasty, you would scarce bee  
soe forward, and you were going as I am, to the gal-  
lowes.

*Exeunt guard with Stile.*

*Sarl.* How cheares my roiall vncle?

*Fer.* Like a ship that hauing long contended with  
The waues, is at last with one proud billow

Smit into the ruthlesse swallow of the sea.

For thee alas I perceiue this plot was layde;

But heauen had greater mercy on thy youth,

And one my people, that shall finde true rest

Being with a Prince so wise and vertuous blest.

Farewell most noble John of *Saxony*,

Beare thy unmatched grieve with a minde bent

Against the force of all temptations;

By my example Princely brother, see,

How vaine our liues and all our glories bee.

*Sarl.* God for thy mercy! treason vpon treason,

*Hew.*

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

How now yong *Otho* what art thou poysond too?  
Sarl. Would God I were, but my sad statts reserue  
This simple building for extreamer ruine:  
On that French doctor.

Lor. I that worst of hell.  
Nee torment shall content vs in his death.  
Sax. Nay soft and faire, let him be taken first;  
How now sad brother, are you come to see  
This Tragick end of worthy Ferdinand?

*Enter Roderigo.*

Rod. I heard of it too soone, and come too late.  
Sax. Well brother leaue the Duke, and waite on me;  
*Mathias*, and the heartgreiu'd *Lucibell*  
Shall goe with vs to *Wittenberg*, and shun  
That fatall land fild with destruction.

Rod. But *Lucibella* like a chased hinde  
Fly's through the thickets, and neglects the bryers;  
After her runs your Princely son *Mathias*,  
As much distract, though not so much distract,  
Vowing to follow her, and if he can,  
Defend her from dispairing actions.

Sax. And we will follow them, Prince *Otho* adue  
Care goes with vs, yet we leaue grieve with you,  
Interre your vncle, punish traytours crims,  
Looke to your persons these are dangerous time,

*Exit Saxony and Roderigo.*

Sarl. Lords take this body, bear it to the court,  
And all the way sound a sad heauy march,  
Which you may truly keepe,  
A mournefull march indeed, when Kings are dead;  
Goe on afore, ile stay awhile, and weepe  
My tributary teares paid on the ground  
Where my true ioy your Prince my vncle fell;





## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

He follow to drive from you all distresse  
And comfort you, though I be comfortles.  
Art not thou plump with laughter my Lorrique,

*Exeunt with the body. A march.*

*Lor.* All this excellent, but worthy Lord,  
There is an accident this instant chanc'd it  
Able to ouerthrow in one peale, byre  
Aswell your hopes as these assurance.

*Sarl.* What's that Lorrique? what can fortune do  
That may diuert my strait ~~of~~ policy.

*Lor.* You know all Prussia take you for the son  
Of beautious Martha,

*Sarl.* I they suppose me to be Otho her son,  
And son to that false Duke whom I will kill  
Or curse my stars

*Lor.* His star is sunke already, death and he  
Has vow'd an end, else league of amity.

*Sarl.* Glad I Elizatus hands, i'de strike with heauen  
For executing wrath before the houre,  
But wishes are in vaine, hee's gone.

*Fleurish.*

*Enter as many as may be spar'd, with lights, and make a lane.*  
*Kneeling while Martha the Dutche, so like a mourner,*  
*with her traine passeth through.*

*Mar.* Our son is somewhat slacke as wee conciuie  
By this delaying, while our heart is feare'd,  
And our eyes dim'd with expectation  
As are the lights of such as on the beach  
With many a longing, yet a little proose  
Stand wayting the returne of those they loue.

*Enter Lorrique, falso on's knees.*

*Lord.* His Excellence no doubt hath great affaires  
But his familiar friend Lorrique is come;

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

*Mar.* kneelenot Lorrique, I prethee glad my hearte  
With thy tongues true report of my son Orho,  
Whome since his Princely Father is deceas't  
I am come from opprest with griesfe  
In person to salute him fot our Duke.

*Lor.* Your mother like affection, and high care,  
His Highnes doth returne with dutious thankes  
Desiring pardon of your excellencie,  
In that bedde where I salute your grace :  
But dismal accidents and bloody deeds,  
Poysoning treasons, doe disturbe this state  
Chiefly this gentle mind since the late death  
Of your right princely brother Ferdinand  
That like the carefull Captaine of a band  
He is compeld to bee the last in field ;  
Yet he protestes by me, and I for him :  
That no soft rest shall enter his greev'd eyes  
Till he behold your presence, more desir'd  
Then the large Empire of the wide earth ;  
Onely he prayes that you would take your rest  
For in your soft content his heart is blest.

*Mar.* Spread me a Carpet on the humble earth :  
My hand shall be the pillow to my head,  
This step my bolster, and this place my bed.

*Lor.* Your Highnes will take harme.

*Mar.* Nay, never feare.  
A heart with sorrow fild sleepes any where,  
Will our son come to night ?

*Lor.* Madam hee will.

*Mar.* See our traïne lodgd, and then Lorrique attend  
For captaince of the guard; that wayt on vs,  
Go all away, no body stay with me  
Except our son, come if we chaunce to call,  
Trouble vs nor god night unto you all.  
*All with doing duty depart, and she sits downe baning a candle by her, and readeas.*





## The Tragedy of Hoffmān.

*Quo fugiat mortale genus? nil denique tutum est,  
Crudelis nam mors omnia false secat.*

*Nil durum, nil non mortis penetrabile telis,  
Omnia vi denitemors violentas.*

Tis true, the wife, the foole, the rich, the poore  
The fayre, and the deformed fall; then life turnes  
Ayre: the King and Captaine are in this alike,  
None hath free hold of life, but they are still.  
When death heauens steward comes, temments at will.  
I lay me downe, and rest in thee my trust,  
If I wake never more, till all flesh rise  
I sleepe a happy sleepe, sin in me dyes.

Enter Hoffmān, and Lorrique.

*Hoff.* Art sure she is a sleepe!

*Lor.* I cannot tell, be not too hasty.

*Hoff.* She stirs not, shee is fast.

Sleepe sweet fayre Dutchesse, for thou sleep'st thy last:  
Endymions loue,muffle in cloudes thy face,  
And all ye yellow tapers of the heauen  
Vayle your cleare brightnes in Ciamerian mistis;  
Let no one light my blacke deed beautiste;  
For with one stroake vertue and honour dyes.  
And yet we must not kill her in this kind:  
Weapons draw blood, blood shed will plainly proone.  
The worthy Dutchesse, worthles of this death,  
Was murdred, and the guard are witnessses,  
None enter'd but our selmes.

*Lor.* Then strangle her, here is a towell fit.

*Hoff.* Good: kneele and helpe, compasse her necke about,  
Alas poore Lady thou sleep'st here secure  
An I never di cam't ot what thou shalt endure.

*Lor.* Nay, good my Lord dispatch.

*Hoff.* What ruchesse hindē  
Shall I wrong nature that did ne're compose

### The Tryaged of Hoffmann.

One of her sexe so perfect & prethee stay,  
Suppose we kill her thus about her necke,  
Circles of purple blood wil change the hue  
Of this white porphirie and the red lines  
Mixt with a deadly blacke, will tell the world  
She dyed by yoke. Then t'will be inquir'd  
And we held ever hatefull for the act.

*Lor.* Then place beneath her nostrils this small box  
Conteyning such a powder that hath power,  
Being set on fire to suffocate each sence  
Without the sight of wound, or shew of wrong.

*Hoff.* That's excellent, fetch fire, or doe not, stay :  
The candle shall suffice, yet that burns dim ;  
And drops his waxen teares as if it mourn'd  
To be an agent in a deed so darke.

*Lor.* Will you confound your selfe by dotage speake,  
S>wounds i'e confound her, and shee linger thus.  
*Hoff.* Thou wer't as good, and better, — note my words :  
Run vnto the top of dreadfull scarre,  
And thence fall headlong on the vnder rocks,  
Or set thy brest against a cannon fir'd,  
When iron death flies thence on flaming wings,  
Or with thy shoulders, ~~also~~ like attempt,  
To beare the ruines of a falling tower,  
Or swim the Ocean ; or run quicke to hell ;  
(as dead assure thy selfe no better place)  
Then once looke frowning on this angells face  
Confound her ? blacke confusion be thy graue  
Whisper one such word more, thou dyest base slau'e.

*Lor.* I haue done, ile honor her if you command.

*Hoff.* She stirs, and when she wakes obserue me well,  
Sooth vp what ere, I say, touching Prince Otho.

*Mar.* Prince Otho, is our son come ? who's there *Lor.*  
*rrique ?*

*Lor.* What shall I answeire her ?

*Mar.* Whose that thou talkst with ?

*Hoff.*





## *The Tragedy of Hoffman!*

*Hoff.* The most indebted seruant to your Grace  
Of any creature vnderneath the Moone.

*Mar.* I prethee friend be briefe, what is thy name?  
I know thee not, what busynesse hast thou here?  
Art thou a messenger come from our son?  
If so acquaint vs with the newes thou bring'st.

*Hoff.* I saw your Highnes son, Lorrique here knowes,  
the laist of any living.

*Mar.* Living? heaven helpe,  
I trust my son h'as no commerce with death.

*Hoff.* Your son noe doubt is well, in blessed state.

*Mar.* My heart is smitten through thy answere,  
Lorrique, where is thy gracious Lord?

*Lor.* In heauen I hope.

*Hoff.* True madam, he did perish in the wracke  
When he came first by sea from Lubecke hauen.

*Mar.* What false impostor then hath mock't my care?  
Abus'd my Princely brother Ferdinand?  
Gotten his Dukedom in my dead sons name?

*Hoff.* I grant him an impostor, therein false  
But when your Highnes heares the circumstance,  
I know your wiscome and meeke piety  
Will Judge him well deseruing in your eyes:

*Mar.* What can be sayd now I haue lost my son?  
Or how can this base two-tongu'd hypocrite  
Excuse concealing of his masters death.  
Vnhappy Marsha, in thy age vndone,  
Rob'd of a husband, cheated of a son.

*Hoff.* Hearre me with patience for that pitties sake  
You shewed my captiue body, by the teares  
You shed, when my poore father drag'd to death  
Indur'd all violence at theyl hands:  
By al the mercies powrd on him and me  
That like coole rayne somewhat allayd the heate  
Of our sad torment and red sufferings;  
Here me but speake a little to repay

*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

With gratitude the faours I receiu'd.

*Mar.* Art thou the lucklesse son of that sad man  
Lord of Burtholme some time Admirall?

*Hoff.* I was his onely son, whom you set free,  
Therefore submissiuely I kneele and craue,

Yon would with patience heare your servant speake;

*Mar.* Be briefe, my swolne hear tis at poynt to breake,

*Hoff.* I stood vpon the top of the high scarre,

Where I beheld the splitted ship let in

Deuouring ruine in the shape of waues,

Some got on Rafts, but were as soone cast off

As they were seated; many strid the mast,

But the seas working was soe violent,

That nothing could preserue them from their fury,

They did and were intombed in the deepe.

Except some two the surges washt a shore

Prince *Charles* being one, who on *Lorriques* backe

Heng wicke claspt hands, that never could vnfold,

*Mar.* Why not aswell as he *Lorrique* doth liue,

O: how was he found claspt vpon his backe

Except he had had life to fold his hands.

*Hoff.* Madam, your Highnes errs in that conceite,

For men that dye by drowning, in their death,

Hold surely what they claspe, while they haue breath.

*Lor.* Well he held mee, and sunke me too.

*Hoff.* Ile witnes, when I had recoverd him,

The Princes head being split against a Rocke

Pant all recover, *Lorrique* in desperate rage,

Sought sundry meanes to spoyle his new-gun'd life,

Exclayming for his master: cursing heauen,

For being vniust to you, though not to him,

For robbing you of comfort in your son:

Oh gratiouse Lady sayd this grieved man

Could I but worke a meanes to calme her griefe,

Some reasonable course to keepe blacke care

From her white bosome; I were happy then;

But





## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

But knowing this, her heart will sink with woe  
And I am rank't with miserablest men,

*Lor.* I gods my witnessse, these were my lamentes  
Till Hoffman being as willing, as my selfe;  
Did for his loue to you, that pitied him,  
Take on him to be cald by your sons name,  
Whlich now he must refule except your Grace  
Attept his seruice in Prince *Otbo's* place,

*Mar.* If this that you protest be true, your care  
Was like a long repreiue, the date worne out;  
The execution of my woe is come,  
And I must suffer it with patience:  
Where haue you layd the body of my son?

*Hoff.* Within the chappell of an hermitage,  
Some halfe a myle hence.

*Mar.* Ile build mee there a Cell,  
Made like a tombe till death therein ile dwell:  
Yet for thy wrongs yong man attend my words  
Since neyther *Ferdinand*, nor *Saxony*,  
Haue any heires, to sway their severall states;  
Ile woe ke what lies in me to make thee Duke,  
And since thou art accepted for my son,  
Attempting it onely to doe me good,  
I here adopt thee mynre christen thee *Otbo*,  
Mine eyes are now the fount, the water teares,  
That doe baptize thee in thy borrowed name.

*Hoff.* I thankc your Highnes, and of iust heauen craze  
The ground I wi ong you in, may turne my graue.

*Mar.* Light's to our chainber, woe our feares are past,  
What welon doubted, is prou'd true at last.  
Attend vs sonne.

### *Exeunt Martha and Lorrique.*

*Hoff.* Wee'l wait vpon your Grace.  
Son, this is forme I let, this will beare the eycs  
Of the rede vulgar, but this serues not me;  
Dukedomes I will haue them, my sword shall win,

## The Tragedy of Hoffman,

If any interposer croise my will,  
But new made mother, ther's another fire  
Burnes in this liuer lust ,and hot desire,  
which you must quench; must? I and shall; I know  
Women will like how euer they say noe;  
And since my heart is knit vnto her eyes  
If she, being sanctimonious, hate my suitor,  
In loue this course ile take, if she denie;  
Force her : true soe : si non blanditijs, vi.

Exit.

## Actus quintus.

Enter Saxony, Rodorique, Mathias: generally.

*Mat.* Haue you not found her yet?

*Sax.* Not I,

*Rod.* Nor I.

*Mat.* Then I beleeeue borne by her fits of rage  
She ha's done violence to her bright fame,  
And faine vpon the bosome of the Balt.

*Sax.* What reason leads yee to beleue it, son?

*Mat.* I did perceiue her some halfe houre since  
Clambring vpon the steepenes of the rocke,  
But whether vp or downe I could not guesse  
By reason of the distance.

Enter Encibella with rich clothes,

*Rod.* Stand aside, she comes, let her not scape vs now.

*Sax.* What has shee got apparel? I and rich,  
Poore soule, shee in her idle lunacy  
Hath tooke it from some house where t'will be mist.

*Mat.* Lets circle her about, least spying vs  
she run away with wanted nimblenesse,

Fairer





*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

Fayrest well met.

*Luc.* Well ouertaken sir.

*Sax.* What haue ye here?

*Luc.* And you to o heartely.

*Rod.* I am sure you know.

*Luc.* Why that's well, I like that, that you are well  
and you, and you : god buye.

*Sax.* Nay, nay you must not goe, wee'l hold you now.

*Luc.* Why that's well, done, pray come, see my house  
I haue a fine house now, and goodly knacks  
And gay apparrell ; looke ye here, this is braue ;  
And two leane porters staru'd for lacke of meat,  
Pray let goe mine armes, looke here they bee.

*Om.* Oh horrid sight !

*Luc.* Nay, never start I pray ; is it not like I keepe  
A princely house, when I haue such fat porters at my gate ?

*Sax.* What should this meane ? why in this wood  
So thicke, so solitary, and remote

From common road of men, should these hang thus ?  
Brother your Hermitage is not far hence,  
When knew you any execution here ?

*Rod.* I newer knew any, and these bones are greene ;  
This lesse anatomy hath not hung long  
The bigger, by the mosse and drynes seemes  
Of more continuance.

*Mat.* What's on there heads ?

*Luc.* why golden Crownes, my porters shall bee Kings,  
And hidethere barebones with these gay weeds,

*Sax.* I doe remember the Admirall  
*Hoffman*, that kept the Iland of Burtholme  
Was by the Duke of *Prussia* adjudg'd  
To haue his head sear'd with a burning crowne,  
And after made a bare Anatomy,  
Which by his son was from the gallowes stolne ;

*Luc.* I, that same son of his, but where lies he

*Sax.* No doubt, he doth possesse some cage hard by.

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*Luc.* Come, goe with me, ile shew you where he dwells,  
Or some body ; I know not who it is ;  
Here, looke, looke here, here is a way goes downe,  
Downe, downe a downe, hey downe, downe.  
I sung that song, while *Lodowicke* slept with me.

*Rod.* This is some Case, let's boldly enter in,  
And leare the mistery of that sad sight,  
Come Lady, guide vs in, you know the way.

*Luc.* True, that's the way, you cannot misse the path ;  
The way to death and black destruction  
Is the wide way ; no body is now at home,  
Or tarry, peraduenture here comes some will tell you more.

### *Enter Martha, and Lorrique :*

*Mar.* Stand close, this is *Lorrique*, I doe not know the  
Lady comes with him.

*Sax.* I ha' seene that countenance.

*Rod.* Stand close, I pray, my heart diuines,  
Some strange and horrid act will be reueald. (me so.)

*Luc.* Nay that's most true, a fellow with a red cap told  
And bad me keepe these cloathes, and give them.

To a faire Lady in a mourning gowne ;  
Let goe my armes ; I will not run away.  
I thanke you now, now you shall see mee stay,  
By my troth I will, by my maidenhead I will.

*Mar.* *Lorrique* returne into the beaten path,  
I ask't thee for a solitary plot,  
And thou hast brought me to the dismalst groue  
That euer eye beheld, noe woodwimphes here  
Seek with their agill steps to oustrip the Roe,  
Nor doth the sunsluke from the queachy plot.  
The ranknes and the venom of the Earth  
It seemes frequentesse for the vse of men :  
Some basilisks, or poysous serpents den

*Lor.*





## The Tragedy of Hoffmann.

Lor. It is indeede an vndelightfull walke ;  
But if I doe not erre in my beleefe,  
I thinke the ground, the trees, the rockes, the springes,  
Haue since my Princely Master Charles his wracke  
Appeare'd more dismal, then they did before,  
In memory of his vntimelie fall.  
For hereabouts, hereabouts the place,  
Where his fayre body lay, deform'd by death  
Here Hoffmann son, and I enbalm'd him  
After we had concluded to deceaue  
Your sacred person, and Duke Ferdinand  
By causing Hoffmann to assume his naame.

Sax. This is very strange.

Luc. Nay tary, you shall heare all the knauery anon.

Mar. And where's the Chappell that you layd him in ?

Lor. Its an old Chappeli, neere the Hermitage :

Mar. But was the Hermet at his buriall ?

Lor. Noe, Hoffmann and I onely dig'd the graue  
Play'd Prielt and Clarke, to keepe his buriall close ?

Rod. Most admirable !

Sax. Nay, pray you peacee.

Mar. Alas ! poore son, the soule of my delights ;  
Thou in thy end werst rob'd of Funeral rites,  
None sung thy requiem, noe friend clos'd thine eyes,  
Nor layd the hallowed earth vpon thy lips,  
Thou werst not housedled, neither did the bells ring  
Blessed peales, nor towle thy funerall knell,  
Thou wentest to death, as those that sinke to hell ;  
Where is the apparrell that I bad him weare  
Against the force of witches and their spells.

Lor. We buried it with him, it was his shroude,  
The desert woods noe fitter meanes allowd.

Luc. I think he lies.

Now by my troth, that gentleman sinckes knaue.

Mar. Swearre one thing to me, ere we leaue this place ;

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

Whether young *Hoffman* did the most he might,  
to save my son.

*Lor.* By heaven it seemes hee did, but all was vaine  
The flinty rockes had cut his tender scull,  
And the rough water wash't away his braine.

*Luc.* Lyer, lyer, lieke dish.

*Mar.* How now what woman's this? what men are these?

*Luc.* Apoore mayden mistris, ha's a suite to you,  
And 'tis a good suite, very good apparell.

*Loc.* heere I come a wond'ring, ding, ding,  
*Loc.* heere we come a swang, my d'rling,  
*Loc.* heere I come a praying, to brea, bidea.

How doe you Lady, well I thank e God, will you buy  
a barganei pray, i'ts fine apparell.

*Mar.* Run my lives blood, comfort my troubled heart,  
That trembles at the sight of this attire:

*Lorrique,* looke on them, knowest thou not these clothes?  
Nor the distractcd bringer? prethee speake.

*Lor.* Ay me, accurst and dainn'd; I know them both;  
The bringer is the *Austrian Lucibella*

*Luc.* I, you say true, I am the very same,

*Lor.* The apparell was my Lords, your Princely son's.

*Mar.* This is not sca wet, if my son were drown'd  
Then why thus dry is his apparell found?

*Lor.* O me accurst, o miserable me?

Fall heaven, and hide my shame, gape earth, rise sea,  
Swallow, owhelme me, wherefore should I live,  
The most perfidious wretch that euer breath'd,  
And base conisenter to my deare Lords death.

*Luc.* Nay, looke you heere, do you see these poore staru'd  
ghoists; can you tell whose they be?

*Mar.* Alas! what are they? what are you that seeme  
In ciuill habits to hide rurhlesse hearts;

*Lorrique,* what are they? what wilt thou attempt?

. Helpe





## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Help Gentlemen, if yee be Gentlemen,  
And stay this fellow from dispayring ill.

Lor. I was ordain'd vnto perdition, stay me not ;  
For when yee know the mischieses I haue done,  
(at least, consented to, through coward feare)  
You would not stop me, if I skipt in quicke  
To that blacke, bottomlesse and ruthlesse, gulph,  
Where euerlasting sorrowes like linkt chaynes  
Fetter the wretched in eternall night.

Mar. what hast thou done ?

Luc. Knauary I warrant you, tell truth and shame the  
Diuell my boy, doe, and thou shalt haue a fine thing by and  
by.

Sax. I take your Highnes for that reverend Dutches  
Late wife vnto the Duke of *Prussia*.

Mar. I am the wretched childlesse widdow sir.

Lor. Princess heare me, and I will briefly tell  
How you came childlesse, you brotherlesse,  
You husbandlesse, and fauilerlesse, all, all,  
Ile tell you, having ended, ast my fall.

•Mar. Well, forward;

Lor. Be it soe, I haue deseru'd a greater cruelty,  
To bee kept living when I long to dye.

Mar. I charge thee setting by all circumstance,  
Thou vtter what thou knowest : my heart is steele,  
Nor can it suffer more then it doth feele.

Lor. Then thus, Prince Charles and I escap't the wracke,  
Came safe a shore to this accursed plot,  
Where we met Hoffman, who vpon yon tree  
Preseru'd his fathers bare anatomy,  
The biggest of them two were those strong bones  
That acted mighty deeds.

Hoffman the son full of reuenge and hate,  
'Gainst every hand that wrought his fathers hurt,  
Yet gilded ore his enimie with faire shewes,  
And entertain'd vs with his friendly teringes

### *The Tragedy of Hoffman;*

As fashond could iuent; and 'tis well knowne :  
Bitter deceit vleth the sweetest speech.  
At length he tooke aduantage, bound my Lord,  
And in a chaync tyed him to yonder rocke,  
Whil with a burning Crowne he feard in twaine  
The purple Veynes, strong sinewes, arteries, uertues;  
And euerie cartilage about the head,  
In which sad torment the mild Prince fell dead.

*Mar.* Did Hoffman this ? and thou conceal'st the deed ?  
*Lor.* Pardon my feare, Dread Madam.

*Mar.* well, goe on, I am confidnt to heare all cruelty,  
And am resolu'd to aet some, if noe hand  
Will else attempt the murderer's end, but mine.

*Lor.* Be patient ; you will finde associates :  
For there are many murderers more behinde.

*Mar.* what did hee with the body of my son ?

*Lor.* Buried the flesh, the bones are they that hang  
Close by his fathers.

*Mar.* Let them hang a while  
Hope of reuenge in wrath doth make mee smile.

*Luc.* Pray let him tell the rest.

*Lor.* This acted, Hoffman forc't me to conceale  
The murder of my Lord, and threatened more  
Then death by many torments, till I swore  
To call him Otho, and say he was your sonz  
I swore and kept my oath.

*Rod.* O Heaven,

*Sax.* O Dauell.

*Luc.* Nay, I pray you peace.

*Lor.* Then sent he me for you, and you he sent,  
Or as I best remember, lead you on  
Vnto the Chappell porch, where hee himselfe  
Appointed them to stay, and there you know  
What hapned in your wrath.

*Luc.* To me a sleepe,  
And to my baronelssse Lodowick in my arme,

*Mar.*





*The Tragedy of Hoffmān.*

*Mar.* On on, that deed is writ among the acts of guilt;  
A brothers sword a brother's life blood spilt.

*Sax.* Proceed, what's next? kild he not *Anfria*?

*Lor.* He did.

*Luc.* O villaine did he kill my Father?  
And make my brother kill my husband too?

*Sax.* Come forward.

*Lor.* After all those hated murders  
He taught the foolish prince in the disguise  
Of a French Doctor to prepare a poysen,  
Which was the death of Princely *Ferdinand*:  
Next plot hee purpos'd your graces death,  
And had oppos'd my strength of my teares,  
You had bin murder'd as you lay a sleepe.

*Sax.* Let's heare no more, seeke out the hated wretch,  
And with due torture let his life be forc'd  
From his despis'd body.

*Rod.* Doe I pray.

*Sax.* All the Land will helpe,  
And each man be a instice in this act.

*Mar.* Well, I that never knew reuenge's power,  
Haue entertain'd her newly in my brest : (wick a sleepe)  
Determine what's to doe.

*Luc.* Even what you will; would I were with my *Lodes*:  
In the Elizian fieldes, where no feares dwell;  
For earth appears as vile to me as hell.

*Lor.* Let me be Prologue to your scene of wrath,  
And as the Romane Cateline resolu'd  
His doubtfull followers by exhausting blood.  
From the liue body, so draw mine, cast traime  
Vpon the troubled and offendēd earth;  
Offer blood fit for an infernall sacrifice,  
Wine is not powr'd but on celestiall offrings:  
Therefore I advise you  
As you hope to thrive in your reuenge, smite me.

That

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

That haue bin pander to this iniury.

*Mar.* Thou merit death indeede.

*Mar.* Stay iudge him not, let me a little plead in his excuse,

*Mar. (contd.)* And this one sentence serues; *A man o' purpose* I'd

To guillarts, cannot be iustly held

A wilfull malefactor; the law still

Leokes vpon the deede, ne're on the will:

Besides although I grant the matter small

And very safe to rayle a multitude,

That by their power might ceaze the murderer,

Yet two espciall reasons croesse that course:

First: many hauing notice of our plot,

One babling tongue may vtter out intent,

And Hoffman being warn'd is surely arm'd

Hauing the fort and treasure in his powre,

And be his cause more then notorious ill,

He may with gold maintaine it at his will

Scape vs, for no doute he's full of sleights:

Besides, Reuenge should haue proportion,

By flye deceit he acted every wronge,

And by deceit I would haue him intrapt;

Then the reuenge were fit, iust, and square,

And t'would more vex him that is all compos'd

Of craft and subtily to be outstrippt

In his owne fashion, then a hundred deaths,

Therefore by my aduice pardon *Lorriquet*

Vpon condition, that he lay some plot

To intercept the other.

*Om.* We are agreeed.

*Ler.* Your mercy doth all bounds of hope exceed,

And if you will repose that trust in me,

By all the protestations truth can make,

Before the Sun haue run his mid-dayes course,

I will tomorrow yeld him to your handes,

*Sax.* Shew vs the meanes.





## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Lor. The meaues is in the Dutchesse pollicy.  
If she can sinowth the murder bin a while.

Mar. He turn deceit to ouerthrow his fraud.  
Lor. Then with faire words his flatteries entreyne,  
And when he doth importune yon for lone,  
Desire him first to shew yoa the first place,  
Where he beheld Prince Charles after the wracke  
Say you haue earnestly entreated me,  
But I haue lead you in a labyrinth  
Of noe effect; he full of late and lost,  
Glad of occasion will no doubt alone  
Conduet you to this fatal horrid cane,  
Thinking by force, or tayre meanes, to attaine  
His false hearts so ging, and your honors stayne;  
But being in the height of his base pride,  
The Duke, the Hermet, Lodorwick, and my selfe,  
Will change his pleasures into wretched  
And redencelike misery.

Sax. The plot is good, Madam, are you agreed?

Mar. To any thing how ever desperate.

Luc. I but by your leasse, Lady, and Lords all, what if  
This knane that has bin play the knane still,  
And tell tales out of schoole; how then?

Lor. I know not what to swear by; but noe soule  
I longs for the sight of endlesse happynesse,  
With more desire, then mine thins for his death:  
By all the gods that shall grieve ill men life,  
I am resolu'd chiefe agent in his end.

Mar. We credit the, ioyne hands, and ring him round,  
Kneele, on his head lay our right hands, and swearre  
Vengeance against Hoffman.

Om. Vengeance, vengeance, fall  
On him, or suddaine death vpon vs all.

Sax. Come, part, we to the caue,  
You to the Court:  
Justice dig murtherers graue.

# The Tragedy of Hoffman.

*Exit Lorrique and Martha.*

*Luc.* Nay, he come, my wits are mine agen  
Now fath growes firme to punish faithlesse men.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hoffman, and all the traine that attended  
the Dutchesse first.*

*Hoff.* Not to be found? hell which way is she gon?  
*Lord.* Her Highnes charg'd vs to call you her son,  
The mistery we know not, but we know,  
You are not Princely *Otho* of Luningberg.

*Hoff.* Noe matter what I am; tell me the way she went  
With that *Lorrique*; speake, or by heauen  
Hell shall receiue you all.

*Enter Martha, and Lorrique.*

*Lord.* Be not in rag'd she comes,  
And with her comes trusty *Lorrique*.

*Hoff.* Madam, I fear'd you, and my heart was sickle,  
With doubt some ouer-desperate accident  
Had drawne you to the melancholy patches,  
That lye within the verge of this rough scarre.

*Mar.* Your doubt was but an Embrio; I indeed  
Desir'd *Lorrique* to bring me to the place  
Where you beheld the shipwracke of my son;  
And he hath led me vp and downe the wood,  
But neuer brought me to the fatall beach,

*Hoff.* It were not fit you should see the sad place,  
That still seemes dismall since the Princes death.

*Lord.* Dead? is our soueraigne Lord the Prince dead?

*Mar.* Inquire no more of that, I will anon  
Resolute you of his fate, this tyme for beare,  
Esteeme this gentleman your Lord and Prince.

*Lord.*





## The Tragedy of Hoffmatt.

Lor. Wee hold him soe, sith you command vs so.

Hoff. Will you goe forward, Madam? ( morrow

Mar. Willingly, soe you will promise mee to walke to  
And see the Earth that gently did receiue  
My sons wrack't body from the churlish fome.

Hoff. Ile wayt vpon your Grace, set forward there,  
Trickes, and deuices, longings! well 'tis good :  
Ile swim to my desires, through seas of blood.

*Exeunt.*

Lor. Fox you'l be taken, hunter you are faine  
Into the pit you dig'd; I laught to see  
How I out-strip the Prince of villany.  
Hoffman for me told such a smoothing tale,  
That had not this strange accident befalme  
In finding of the caue; I had bin held  
More deere then euer, in the Dutchesse eyes:  
But now shee'l hold me hard, what ere she say,  
Yet is her word past that shee'l pardon me,  
And I haue wealth hoor'd vp which ile beare  
To some strange place: rich men haue any where.

*Enter Hoffmann.*

Hoff. What? are you gadding sir? what moues your flight?  
Coyue not excusis in your crouching come,  
What cause haue you to fie and seeke strange hoards  
For your wealth gotten by my iiberal gift?

Lor. And my defert, my Lord.

Hoff. Well be it your defert;  
But what's the cause you'l flye this country?

Lor. As I liue, my Lord, I haue noe such intent;  
But with your leaue, I was debating things,  
As if it shoulde chaunce thus, and thus, why then  
'Twere better be far of, but otherwise  
My loue, and life, low at your seruice lye.

Hoff. You are a villaine damn'd as low as heli;  
An hypocrite, a fawning hypocrite:

*The Tragedy of Hoffmian.*

I know thy heart, come Spaniell vp, arise,  
And thynke not wi<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> our antickes and your lies  
To god by, yond mee, you haue p<sup>a</sup>y'd the flau<sup>e</sup>,  
Betray me to the Datches<sup>e</sup>; told her all,  
Disappoynting al my hopes with your base tonge,  
O<sup>r</sup> curnd the height<sup>e</sup> of my intendents,  
For which ic haue thee from my mountaine wracke,  
Into the low<sup>e</sup> Cauerne of pale deach.

*Lor.* Alis my Lord for beare, let me be heard.

*Hoff.* Thou haft betryad me, therefore neuer talke:

*Lor.* By heauen —

*Hoff.* O heill why shold<sup>t</sup> st thou thinke on heauen..

*Lor.* Stay, and beleue me, thinke you I am mad,  
Soe g<sup>e</sup> eat a foe to my owne happy chaunce,  
When things are sorted to so good an end,  
That all is hid; and we held in regard:  
After such horrid, and perfid<sup>e</sup>ous acts,  
Now to betray my selfe; be reasonable,  
And thinke how shal<sup>o</sup>w such an a<sup>t</sup>t would seeme  
In me, chiefe agent into many ills.

*Hoff.* Thou haft a tong<sup>e</sup> as glib and smooch to lyes,  
As full of false inventions, and base fraud,  
As prone to circumuent beleeueng soules,  
As ene<sup>r</sup> heretique or traytor vsd,  
Whose speeches are as honey, their acts gall,  
Their words rayse vp, but their ha<sup>s</sup>ds ruine all.

*Lor.* By vertues glorious soule.

*Hoff.* Blasphemer pearre, swearer not by that thou hat<sup>t</sup> st;  
Vertue, and thou haue no more sympathetic,  
Then day with night, Heauen with Hell.

Thou knowest, I know thy Villanyes excell

*Lor.* Why then by vil<sup>e</sup>any, by blood, by flichtes,

By all the horrours tortures can present,

By Hell, and by reuenges purple hand

The Datches<sup>e</sup> had no conference with me,

But





*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

But oarely a desire to see the place  
That first receiu'd her son, whom she beleuees  
The vntreleenting waues and flinty rocks,  
Had seuer'd from sweet life after the wracke.

*Hoff.* May I beleue thee ?

*Lor.* Haue I sayld you yet ?  
Measure my former acts, and you shall find  
My soule allyed to yours, wholly estrang'd  
From all I cuer lou'd:

*Hoff.* Noc more, haue done.  
Tha't won me to continue thee my friend ;  
But I can tell thee somewhat troubles me,  
Some dreadfull misaduenture my soule doubts,  
And I conceiue it with noe commonon thought,  
But a most potent apprehension ;  
For it confounds imaginary fence,  
Sometimes inflames my blood, another while  
'Nums all the Currents that should comfort life,  
And I remayne as 'twere a fenceles stome.

*Lor.* Come, come, I know the cause, you are in loue,  
And to be soe, is to be any thing.  
Doe you not loue the Dutchesse ?

*Hoff.* Yes, I doe.  
*Lor.* Why there's the matter, then, be ruld by me,  
To morrow morning she desires to see  
The shore, that first receiu'd her sea-wrackt son,  
And to be vnaccompained she loues ;  
Except some one or two, you and I :  
Now when you haue her neare your dismal I caue,  
Force her, I dot man, make no scruple do't,  
Else you shall never win her to your bed :  
Doe a mans part, please her before she goe,  
Or if you fee, that she turnes violent,  
Shut her perpetuall prisoner in that den ;  
Make her a Philomel, proue Tereus :  
Do't, never feare it.

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

*Hoff.* Why she will be mist.

*Lor.* By whom? by fooles, grosse, dull, thicke sighted fooles,  
whom euery mist can blinde; I'le sway them all,  
With exclamation that the grieved Dutchesse  
when she beheld the sea that drownd her son,  
Stood for a while like weeping *Niobe*,  
As if she had bin stone; and when we striu'd  
With milde perswasions to make lesse her woe  
She madder then the wife of *Athamas*  
Leap't suddenly into the troubled sea,  
Whose surges greedy of soe rich a prey,  
Swallowed her vp, while we in vaine exclaym'd  
'Gainst Heauen and hell, 'gainst fortune and her fate.

*Hoff.* Oh my good villaine, how I hug thy plots,  
This shall be done, shee's mine: roun swift slow houres,  
Make a short night hasten on day apace,  
Rough armes waxe soft soft beauty to embrace.

*Lor.* Why soe, now your feare will quickly end,  
*Hoff.* Thou wilt not talke of this?

*Lor.* Will I be hang'd?  
Nee're take me for a blab, you'l finde me none.

*Hoff.* I haue a nother secret, but —

*Lor.* Come what ist? come, this brest is yours,  
My heart's your treasury.

*Hoff.* Thou must be secret, 'tis a thing of weight  
concernes thee neere.

*Lor.* Were it as neere as life, come, pray speake.

*Hoff.* Hearke in thine eare, I would not haue the ayre  
Be p' iuy to this purpose, wilt thou swéare?

*Lor.* What? to bee secret? if the least iot I tell  
Let all my hopes sinke suddenly to hell.

*Hoff.* Thou hast thy wish, downe villaine, keepe this close.

*Lor.* Vnthankfull murtherer, is this my meede?  
Oh slauie, tha' st kild thy heart in wounding mine,

This is my day, to morrow shall be thine.

*Hoff.* Goe foole; now thou art dead, I neede not feare.

Yet





## The Tragedy of Hoffman

Yet as thou wert my seruant iust and true,  
Ile hide thee in the ditch :gine dogs there due,  
He that will proue a mercenary slave  
To murder, seldome findes soe good a graue,  
Hee's gone, I can now spare him, *Lorrique* farewell ;  
Commend me to our friends thou meet' st in hell :  
Next plot for *Mathias* and old *Saxony*,  
There ends shall finish our blacke tragedy.

*Exit.*

*Enter Saxony, and Mathias.*

*Sax.* How little care had we to let her 'scape,  
Especially on this so needfull time,  
When we are vowed to wayt vpon reuenge.

*Mat.* Noe doubt our uncles care will keepe her safe,  
Nor is she in her fits so violent  
As she was wont, looke where my  
Uncle comes, sustayning with one hand  
A dying man, and one the other side,  
Fayre *Lucibell* supports the fainting body.

*Enter Rodorique, and Lucibell leading Lorrique.*

*Luc.* Looke you here, you marui'd why I went,  
Why this man drew me vnto him, can you helpe  
Him now. *Hoffman* has hought him too.

*Sax.* Brother who ist you bring thus ashe pale;  
Ist not *Lorrique*;

*Lor.* I am, and 'tis in wayne to striue for longer hope.  
I cannot, onely be prouident; I greatly feare  
The mardrous traytor out of mere suspect  
Will plot some stratagem against the life  
Of the chaste Dutchesse, help her what you can,  
Against the violence of that wicked man.

*Rod.* Hast thou not told him, what we doe intend?

*Lor.*

## *The Tragedy of Hoffmān.*

*Lor.* Noe, as heauen help mee in my wretched end, I  
Be confident of that, now I must fal  
Neuer agen to rise, you know his wrongs: *more dis-*  
Be carefull Princes to reteng them al. *most dis-*

*Luc.* Well, fairewell fellow, thou art now paid home  
For all thy councelling in knauery,  
Good Lord! what very fooles are very knaucs!  
There cunning bodies often want due granes.

*Sax.* Sou, daughter, brother, follow my aduice,  
Let vs noe longer keepe this hatell p' or,  
Least we be circumvented.

*Rod.* True, 'tis to put on open armes.

*Alar.* Tis now too late, we are beset  
With soildiers, we must fight, and since it must bes  
Let's to't valiantly.

*Ester Dutchesse:* Lord, with soildiers.

*Lord.* Princes prepare rore to resist your fosc,  
We care as firme as life vnto your blood.  
The Dutchesse *Martha* grijetes old *Saxony*,  
Prince *Mathias*, *Roderick*, and fayre *Lucibell*:  
To me she hath dicouer'd the damnd plots  
Of that perfidious *Hoffman*, and hath sent  
These armed soildiers, to attend on you.

*Sax.* We thanke her Highnes, but we thinke in vaine  
Both you and we attend; *Loirique* lyes slaine  
By *Hoffmans* slye suspition; best be ioyn'd  
To apprechend him publicuely.

*Lord.* There is no need, our Dutchesse hath appareld  
Her speech in a greene liuery,  
She salutes him faire, but her heart  
Like his actions, is attir'd  
In red, and blew, and fable ornaments.

*Sax.* But tell vs where they are?

*Lord.* At hand she comes, with him alone her plot is,





*The Tragedy of Hoffmann.*

She comes in happy time for all your good.

*Mar.* Cease words, vse deedes

Reuenge drawes nigh.

*Sax.* Come set his body like a scarcrow,

This bush shroud you; this you,

Stand close true soldiers, of reuenge.

*Lnc.* I : doe, doe, doe, I pray you heartely doe,  
Stand close.

*Enter Hoffmann and Dantcheffe.*

*Hoff.* I wonder much why you aske me for Lorrique,  
What is Lorrique to you, or what to me?  
I tell you he is damn'd, enquire no more,  
His name is hatefuller then death.

*Mar.* Heaven! what alterations these!

Can I beleue you loue mee as you swore,

When you are so inconstant to your friend?

*Hoff.* He is noe friend of mine whom you affect,

Pardon me Madam, such a fury raignes

Ouer my boyling blood, that I envy

Any one on whom you cast anamorous eye.

*Mar.* What growne so louing? marry heaven defend

Wee shall deceiue you if you dote on vs,

For I haue sworne to lead a widdowes life,

And never more to be tearm'd married wife.

*Hoff.* I, but you must.

*Mar.* Must? vse not force, I pray.

*Hoff.* Yeild to my loue, and then with meekest wordes

And the most humble actions, ile intreat

Your sacred beauty; deny me? ile turne fire,

More wild then wrath, come then agree,

If not to marry, yet in vnseene sports

To quench these Lawlesse heates that burne in me.

*Mar.* What my adopted son become my louer?

And make a wanton minion of his mother?

Now sic vpon you sic y'are too obfceane.

*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

If like your words, your thoughts appare vncleane;

*Hoff.* By heauen I doe not ieast, goe to, belieue me,

Tis well yon laugh; sinile on, I like this:

Say, will yon yeild?

*Mur.* At the first ? sie noe.

That were an abiect course, but let vs walke

Intosome covert, there are pretty caues,

Lucky to louer suites, for Virgil sings;

That Dido being driven by a sharpe storme

Into a Lybian caue, was there intic'd

By siluer - tongu'd Aeneas to affect;

And shold you serue me soe, I were vndone,

Disgrac'd in Germany by eury Boore,

Who in their rymes woud iest at *Marias* name  
Calling her mynion to her cozen son.

*Hoff.* Tayrer then Dido, or loues amorous Queen;

I know a caue, wherein the bright dayes eyes

Lookt never but a skance through a small creeke,

Or little cranny of the fierted scarre;

There I haue sometimes liu'd, there are fit seates,

To sit and chat, and coll, and kisse, and steale

Loues hidden p'leasures, come, are you dispos'd

To reenter entrance? if you be, assay,

'Tis deth to quicke desire, vse no delay.

*Mur.* Vertue and modesty bids me say noe,

Yet trusme *Hoffman* thar's so sweet a man,

Aud so belou'd of me, that I must goe.

*Hoff.* I am crown'd the King of pleasure.

*Mur.* Hatefull slau'e, thou goest to meeete destruction  
in thy caue.

*Hoff.* S'death who stands here?

What's that? *Lorrigues* pale ghost?

I am amaz'd: nay slau'e stand of:

Thy weapons sure, the prize is ours.

*Mur.* Come forth deere friends, murder is in our powers

*Sax.* Yeild thee, base son of shame.

*Hoff.*





## The Tragedy of Hoffmann.

*Hoff.* How now what's here I am I betray'd?

By dotage, by the falsehood of a face?

Oh wretched foole saine by a womans hand  
From high reuenges sphære, the blisse of soules.

*Sax.* Cut out the murtherer's tongue.

*Hoff.* What doe you meane?

Whom haue I murder'd; wherefore bind yee me;

*Mar.* They are Justices to punish thy bare bones,  
Looke with thy blood-shed eyes on these bare bones,  
And tell me that which dead Lorrique confess

Who ist thou avillaineth that leasf? who wasf?

*Hoff.* Why Otho thy sons, and that's my fathers by him.

*Mar.* O mercilousse and ciuell murtherer

To leave me chidlesse.

*Luc.* And mee husbandlesse.

*Mit.* Me brotherlesse. oh smooth tongu'd hypocrite  
How thou didst draw me to my brothers death.

*Sax.* Talke me more to him, he seekes dignity,  
Reason he shoud receave his desperate hire,  
And weare his crowne made flaming hot with fire:  
Bring forth the burning crowne there.

*Enter a Lord with the Crowne*

*Hoff.* Doe old dog, thou helpst to worry my dead Father  
And must thou kill me too? 'tis well, 'tis fit,  
I that had sworne vnto my fathers soule

To be reveng'd on *Austria, Saxonie,*

*Prussia, Luningberg,* and all there heires:  
Had prosper'd in the downefall of some sicne;  
Had onely three to offer to the fiends,  
And then must fall in loue; oh wretched eyes  
That have betray'd my heart; bce you accurst.;  
And as the melting diops run from my brows,  
Soe fall they on the strings that guide your heart  
Wherby their oylie heat may cracke them first,  
I, soe boyle on thou foo'ish id'e braine,  
For giuing entertainment to loues benglts.

*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

A man resolvd in bloud, bound by a vow  
For noe lesse vengeance, then his fathers death,  
Yet become amorous of his foes wife!  
O! sin against all conceit ! worthy this shame  
And all the tortures that the world can name.  
*Mar.* Call vpon heauen, base wretch, thinke on thy soule.

*Hoff.* In charity and prayer  
To expone without charity.

*Sax.* We pardon thee, and pray for thy soules health.

*Hoff.* Soe doe not I for yours, nor pardon you;

You kild my father, my most warlike father,

Thus as you deale by me, you did by him ;

But I deserue it that hane slackt reuenge

Through fickle beauty, and a womans frand ;

But Heil the hope of all dispayring men,

That wring the poore, and eate the people vp,

As greedy beastes the haruest of their spring :

That Hell, where cowards haue their seats prepar'd,

And barbarous asses, such as hane rob'd souldiers of

Reward, and punish true desert with scorned death.



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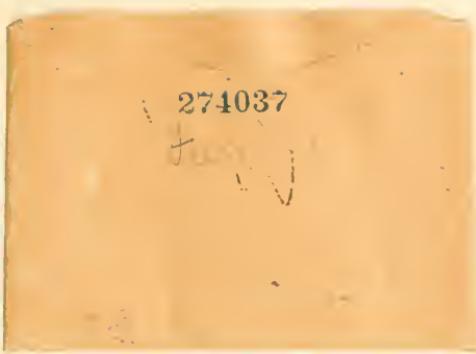
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